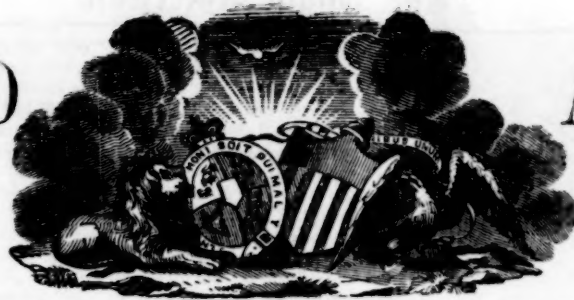


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THE BURDEN OF THE BELL.

BY T. W. WESTWOOD.

On his journey Youth doth start
Strong of limb and stout of heart;
And he thinketh Life must be
An unbroken jubilee
He doth find full proof of this
In the Summer's frolic bliss,—
And from roughest Winter weather
Strong conviction he doth gather;
And the World, with ample store
Of its fair false-smiling lore,
Doth convince him more and more.
So he singeth—"Oh that thou,
Merry Life, wouldst last forever!
Oh, that strength were given me now
To enchain Time's rushing river,—
Bind it fast from shore to shore,
For evermore—for evermore!"

Let the bell toll!

Manhood, with an eager eye
Lit with passionate ecstasy,
Sitteth at the banquet board
With Life's richest dainties stored.
Viands exquisite and rare,
Wines bright sparkling past compare,
Pomp and splendour—all are there;
And around that board are seen
Radiant face and lovely mien.
There are smiles that make the light
Sunnier in its own despite;
There are voices, that pour round
Music in soft waves of sound:
And from all this syren pleasure
Manhood reapeth his full measure,—
Tasteth each new luxury,
Draineth oft the wine-cup dry;
And the while his spirit owns
Witchery in Love's dulcet tones,
And the while he boldly sips
He doth inly murmur,—still
Shutting out each thought of ill
As aforetime—"Oh, that thou
Merry Life, wouldst last for ever!
Oh, that strength were given me now
To enchain Time's rushing river,—
Bind it fast from shore to shore,
For evermore—for evermore!"

Let the bell toll!

Manhood,—he hath left the feast,
In a feverish unrest:—
With pale cheek and sunken eye,
He doth wander moodily
In the meadow paths and through
The brown corn-sheaves wet with dew.
Moodily he wandereth there;
For a thought of drear despair
Doth possess him—he doth see
That Life's joy is vanity:
He doth see that over all
Syren pleasure's festival
There is spread the burial pall:—
That amid the glittering rout
Spectral terrors flit about;
Ruin in the revelry,—
After shriekings in the glee,—
Poison in the wine,—and death
In proud beauty's perfumed breath:
He doth see the doom, the snare;
But the aid, the refuge—where?
So, he museth mournfully
Under the sweet summer sky,
In the orchard crofts and through
The brown corn-sheaves wet with dew.
And, albeit the bird doth sing
Like a very blessed thing,
And the flowers all do declare
"Earth is very good and fair"—
Not a single smile doth roll
Back the cloud-veil from his soul;
And his lips, compressed and pale,
Ope but with a muttered wail,—
Heedless of the song of yore
That such constant burden bore,
"For evermore—for evermore!"

Let the bell chime!

On the hill-top, worn and grey,
Lieth Age;—a pleasant ray
From the setting sun doth grace
The worn furrows of his face.
God be blessed! he hath won
The great victory—wending on,
Through the dreamings proud and bold,
Through the passions manifold,
Through the subtle hopes and fears
Of the stormy later years,
To the Truth, that in his soul
Holdeth now its high control,
Guiding onward to the goal.
God be blessed! he doth lie
On the hill-top 'neath the sky;
And no earth-mists intervene
Betwixt him and the blue serene
Shining soft in starry sheen.
"God be blessed!"—he doth say,
With a loving smile away,—
"That Life lasteth not for ever—
That no mortal strength can stay
The swift tide of Time's dark river!
It doth bear me fast away
From the dolour and the sting
Of the present suffering,
Onward to the joy divine
And the rest that shall be mine!"—
And sweet voices seem to sing,
Sounding from some far-off shore,
FOR EVERMORE—FOR EVERMORE!"
Let the bells chime!

THE NORTH POLE.

The possibility of reaching the north pole is an idea which has long occupied the minds of enterprising and scientific navigators. Several attempts have been made, and though unsuccessful, the object appears not yet to be given up. Sir W. Parry, in a recent letter to Sir John Barrow, proposes that the intended exploring expedition should winter in Spitzbergen, and then, in the month of April, set out from Hakluyt's Headland, which is six hundred geographical miles from the pole, and endeavour to reach this point by travelling over the yet unbroken-up ice, and, after a short stay, returning again by the end of May, ere the summer sun had melted and broken up the ice. Sir John Barrow proposes another plan, founded on the supposition that the polar region is open sea, and free of ice during the summer. He suggests that two small vessels, similar to those sent to the southern or antarctic seas, should be sent to Spitzbergen in early spring, so as to take the opportunity of the polar sea being open, and about the middle of August sail directly for the pole. A month's sailing, at the rate even of twenty miles in twenty-four hours, would thus be sufficient to reach the point of destination; while a month's stay there, and another month to return, might all be accomplished before commencement of next winter's frost. That enterprising sailor, Captain Weddel, in a pamphlet published several years ago, demonstrated pretty clearly the probability of an open sea around both the north and south poles, and more recent observations all tend to encourage this idea. The continued presence of the sun above the horizon for six months would afford sufficient heat to melt the accumulated ice of the previous long winter; and if no high land exists in the regions north of Spitzbergen, the probability is, that not more than one season's snow and ice remain or accumulate.

But many may be disposed to ask, What would be the use of such an exploration? To these a reply may be made in the words of an old navigator:—"The north pole is the only thing in the world about which we know nothing, and that want of all knowledge ought to operate as a spur to adopt the means of wiping away that stain of ignorance from this enlightened age." It would be an achievement, certainly, to put one's foot on the very point of the axis around which this mighty globe turns—to look around a horizon above which the summer sun appears to move round and round in its daily circle without ever ascending, where there is uninterrupted day, and twelve o'clock at midnight is exactly the same in all respects as twelve at noon. At first view, a very erroneous idea might suggest itself—that at this point or pivot the earth's motion would be more perceptibly rapid than at any other point of its surface; that we should, in fact, see the earth spinning round like a wheel or a top. Now the fact is exactly the reverse. The space passed over at the earth's axis is shorter than in any other point of its circumference, and consequently the apparent motion is slower. If you look at the axis of the hour-hand of a watch, no motion is perceptible; but by watching for some time the extremity of the same index, you may observe a perceptible portion of space travelled over in the course of a few minutes.

Perhaps, on reaching the pole, not an inch of land would be found on which to rest. This would increase the difficulties of the visit. For were it all sea, and probably a deep sea, there would be no place of anchorage, and no means of remaining steadily at rest till observations could be made. Besides, by the moving about of the vessel, the reckoning would be unavoidably lost; for the sun, pursuing a uniform line along the horizon, there would be no meridian, and consequently no means of calculating the course in which to steer for home. From this circumstance, it is evident also that the time of day, or rather the twenty-four hours, would no longer be ascertained by the rising, the noon-day altitude, or setting of the sun; for to an observer at the pole no such changes

would take place, except to the small amount of the daily change of declination. Thus not only to the eye, but also for the practical purpose of obtaining the time by astronomical observation, the sun would appear throughout the twenty-four hours neither to rise nor fall, but to describe a circle round the heavens parallel to the horizon. This common method of obtaining the time would entirely fail. Indeed, however startling the fact may seem, it may be asserted with truth that there would be no longer any such thing, strictly speaking, as apparent time in the heavens at all. This will be evident, by reflecting that what is called apparent time refers only to the particular line or meridian on which an observer is placed, and is marked by the approach to, and recession of, the sun from that meridian. An observer at the pole being on no one meridian, but at the point where all meridians meet, apparent time would have to him no longer existence or meaning. In ascertaining any particular position, the compass, it is true, might still be of use. From the discovery of Captain James Ross, it is known that the magnetic pole does not coincide with the true pole of the earth, but that the situation of the former lies in a lower latitude.

Now, as it is highly probable that at the pole even the compass would still act freely, the dip of the needle not being complete as to prevent the horizontal motion still to take place, the pointing of the north pole of the needle to the magnetic pole would be a means of ascertaining the homeward course. The chronometer, too, under a certain modification, would enable the voyagers to ascertain a given meridian. A common watch or chronometer would be useless, because the dial-plate being marked with only twelve hours, when the hour-hand pointed to twelve o'clock, there would be no knowing whether it was twelve at noon or twelve at midnight that was indicated, the sun being equally visible at both. To obviate this, chronometers have been constructed with dial-plates of twenty-four hours, and the hour-hand making only one revolution in that period. Thus, whenever such chronometers indicated apparent noon at Greenwich, the sun would be exactly over the meridian of that place, and so of any other place of known longitude; as, for instance, the harbour where the voyagers had left their ship, and to which they desired to return.

As scientific objects of pursuit, Sir J. Barrow suggests, among others, the measurement of a degree of the meridian, commencing at the pole itself, in order to decide the actual degree of flattening of the spherical form of the globe which takes place at the poles. Observations on the tides, too, as far as practicable, the winds, oceanic currents, magnetism, the aurora borealis, would all be interesting to science; and indeed it is not possible to say what matters of interest or of practical use might not present themselves to observation on visiting a part of the globe on which the foot of man has never yet trodden.

In the event of finding land, however small the portion around the pole, all these observations would of course be greatly facilitated. It may be presumed that any such land will not be mountainous, as no icebergs are ever sent down from that quarter; these masses having been ascertained to be the production of glaciers on the sides and valleys of high mountains, such as those in Spitzbergen and Greenland. On such land the pendulum could be swung, and the rise, fall, and direction of the tides observed—the land itself could be examined, and the nature of the soil—its organic productions, either of a past or present era, ascertained—and thus a polar flora and fauna be presented to the scientific world.

A SKETCH FROM PARISIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.—A MISTRESS.

Who has resided in Paris for any length of time without becoming acquainted, at least by sight, with some of those humble temples of literature which abound in that city, resembling cobblers' stalls, kept by the very poorest of the brethren of the quill, who announce their calling to the world by the somewhat magniloquent title, inscribed on their little bricks, of "Ecrivains Publics!" How many a tale of love in humble life, how many an intrigue, how many a reputation, lie at the mercy of these humble and busily employed agents of illiterate Paris! They are said to be a class of men who, though steeped to the lips in poverty, invariably display the most scrupulous integrity and discretion towards their employers; and, according to general report, the confessionals of St. Roch or Notre Dame de Lorette are not more sacred than the secrets confided to the penmanship of these miserable scribes. Their *boutiques* are usually found in retired parts of the town, where a spot of waste ground, or a friendly gable of a house, affords space for their erection, without the awkwardness of a demand for rent. A description of this class of the sons of literature, so totally unknown to fame, would be worthy the pen of the Fielding of former days, or the Charles Dickens of our own. But, as we, alas! have no skill in this admirable species of portraiture, we propose to lay before the reader a romance of modern Paris, an "over true tale," in which one of these worthy public *litterateurs* enacted a not undistinguished part, and one which amply bears out the high character for integrity and honour ascribed to the brotherhood.

The reader must accompany us to a small apartment on a second floor, in a retired, quiet street, situated in the most aristocratic quarter of Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain. Though small, the rooms were neat in the extreme; and while nothing that could properly be called luxury was visible, except one of Erard's grand pianos may be thus denominated, the presence of a presiding taste was everywhere apparent, and threw a certain air of unpretending elegance over the modest sojourn.

A young lady was seated near the window busily employed at her embroidery-frame. Her eyes were steadily and earnestly bent upon her work; occasionally she raised her long dark eye-lashes to the time-piece which stood on the mantel-shelf, the hands of which seemed to move too rapidly for her wishes. Her dress was simple and becoming, but had it been directly otherwise, no style of dress could conceal the captivating beauty of her form and features. The former was exactly of that character which a painter would most prize as a model of feminine grace and elegant proportions; and her countenance, beaming with intelligence and feeling, was a living portrait of some of those immortal creations with which the pencil of Raffaele has enchanted the world.

At length she raised her head, and regarded the clock with an air of satisfaction. Her work was completed. She rose and rang the bell. An old servant appeared.

"Marian," said her mistress, in a tone which shewed her satisfaction, "it is finished. Look! What do you think of it?"

Marian, having put on her spectacles with the air of a grand judge, proceeded to examine the work.

"Ah," said she, "how beautiful! What colours! Only let me dispose of it, and I'll get you a far better price than you were paid for the last."

"You know very well," replied her mistress, "that it is already sold to the same house, and the price agreed upon."

"The Jews!" muttered Marian.

"Nay, Marian," said her mistress, "you must not forget that these good people have given me constant employment, and so saved us much trouble."

"Ah!" returned the servant, in a tone of impatience, "you could have done without them if you would but have spoken one word."

A look of some severity from her mistress cut short the further loquacity of Marian, who with some embarrassment added,—

"I meant, by your teaching the piano, *dame*! at ten francs a lesson!"

"You know it displeased M. Alfred."

"That is true enough; and after all I like this better than your teaching—obliged to be abroad in all sorts of weather, and coming home sometimes so harassed and fatigued. At present you never go out at all, except when M. De Monville gives you his arm, and that is not too often."

Another look from her mistress again arrested the garrulity of the old servant which, be it observed, was seldom without malice. While she had been speaking, the former detached her work from the frame, and carefully rolling it up,—

"Here," said she, "go with this at once before M. Alfred arrives; it is now near his hour. Put this frame also out of the way that he may not see it."

"Take care, take care," said the old woman: "you know how he hates mystery."

"Alas! Heaven knows how it pains me to conceal any thing from him. But this—" She made a sign, and Marian took the things and went out, leaving her mistress plunged in melancholy reflection; for this brief conversation had brought her situation—the present and the future—sadly and painfully before her.

Louisa Chatenay was but three years old when she experienced the loss, always deplorable, of her mother. Her father, a highly learned and esteemed professor in a provincial town, had spared neither care nor cost on her education; and his best and most distinguished pupil was his darling Louisa.

To a singular aptitude for all kinds of elegant literature, he saw that she added a decided taste for music. Instructors were procured, and her progress was even more rapid in this most fascinating of the sciences than in the other branches of her education, as though there existed some hidden sympathy between the enchanting art and the soul of the fair musician, now become a charming girl of sixteen. Her playing seemed less execution than inspiration; and though unequal to the tremendous crashes of the modern tornado school, which makes one feel even for the unfortunate instrument, her facile comprehension of the great masters appeared rather divination than study. Her voice, too, was magnificent, a rich mezzo soprano, which thrilled in the solemn strains of the divine Pergolesi, or the touching melodies of the too-early-lost Bellini (for her exalted admiration of the master-spirits of the times gone by did not render her insensible to the beauties of the moderns—so ignorant was Louisa of the rules laid down by modern criticism). At this period Louisa was, both in mind and person, every thing that the fondest father could desire; and though she, perhaps, enjoyed a greater share of liberty than a mother's anxious vigilance would have allowed, her natural prudence and a sensitive delicacy of character supplied the want of experience.

Among the more intimate friends of her father was a family named Preville; the children had been infant playfellows, and their friendship afterwards continued without interruption. During the age of childhood a marriage had even been talked of between the little Louisa and the elder boy, Julian Preville; and although no mention had been made of this project of late years, the parents on both sides, particularly the father of Louisa, looked forward to it as an event which, though not certain, might be regarded as far from improbable. The boy, who was some two or three years older than Louisa, was, perhaps, even more sanguine in his hopes.

These hopes, however, if he really entertained them, were neither shared nor thought of by Louisa. Whether it was that the hour of her heart's awakening had not yet come, or from whatever other cause, she continued to regard Julian with the kindness due to the friend of her childhood, but without a ray of warmer feeling; and her life glided on peacefully and tranquilly until her eighteenth year. She was now struck with a dreadful calamity—the death of her father.

He died suddenly, leaving no fortune. Louisa would have been nearly a beggar, but for a trifling income derived from her mother. Julian Preville, now engaged in commercial pursuits, was absent at the time; his family learning the extent of Louisa's poverty, prudently evinced no desire to renew the recollection of the formerly projected marriage; and with the advice of her friends she determined upon proceeding to Paris, where she had an old relative, the only one left her in the world, but the amount of whose assistance on her arrival was counselling her to employ the little money she had remaining in perfecting her talents, and to receive lessons before commencing to give them.

Louisa, however, soon succeeded in procuring a few pupils, and her talents were already securing for the friendless girl a modest independence, when, at the residence of a family of rank in which she gave lessons in music, she met M. Alfred de Monville,—an event which materially affected the colour of her future life. Without entering into details of the growth of their acquaintance, it is only necessary here to state, that, struck by her uncommon beauty, he became an assiduous and devoted admirer, and that the passion thus commenced was daily augmented by a further knowledge of her mind and character. He was also a passionate lover of music, and this led to a dangerous intimacy between them. His assiduities and devotedness made an impression upon her heart; and, not unnecessarily to prolong our narrative, Louisa for the first time felt the loss—the irreparable loss of a mother.

Six months had passed; and although the affection of Alfred seemed constantly to increase, during his absence a corroding sentiment of sorrow and remorse would frequently intrude. Her sole happiness rested upon the continuance of his love, and she knew that his family were unceasingly urging him to a union with a young lady of rank and fortune. Louisa had other motives for uneasiness—in the character of her lover himself. With a tenderness and depth of affection, almost without example, mixed with great nobleness of mind, he displayed some defects which she could not regard without inquietude. Of these, jealousy and a proneness to suspicion were the principal. On this account she had long since given up her music lessons, for he had, with some justice, objections to a profession which led her so much into public without adequate protection. But in sacrificing this source of income, Louisa would accept of nothing in return from her lover, giving him to understand that the small succession left her at the death of her father was sufficient for her wants. We have seen how the deficiency was supplied.

The servant had not left the house many minutes, when Louisa was roused from her reverie by the ringing of the bell. "Marian went in time," mentally exclaimed she, as she hastened to open the door.

M. de Monville entered. He was a young man of dark complexion, tall and

well-made, apparently about thirty years of age. His manner and appearance bore that unmistakable impress of high life which is, perhaps, never to be imitated with success. Habits of serious study had imprinted something of precocious gravity upon his features; and though naturally kind and indulgent, the expression of his dark and piercing eye denoted the suspicious, or, at least, highly impressionable disposition to which we have already alluded, and which is not altogether unfrequent with those who have passed more of their time in company with books than with the world.

De Monville looked round on entering, and inquired for Marian.

"I have just sent her out," said Louisa, without further explanation.

"I am glad we are alone," rejoined Alfred. He entered the little saloon, and taking both the hands of Louisa in his own, he imprinted a tender kiss on her forehead. There was something in his manner which seemed to indicate that he had something of importance to communicate; and in the course of a long and interesting conversation between the lovers, which we generously spare the reader, he acquainted her that the constant importunities of his mother and friends on the subject of his marriage had at length forced him to come to a determination.

"Well?" said Louisa, turning rather pale.

"Well," continued he, "I have chosen a wife. I have not sought her among those who, gifted with birth and fortune, conceive that they can dispense with the amiable virtues and acquirements which to my mind constitute the real ornaments of life. I have found one, kind, modest, gifted, and loving,—one whose heart has made sacrifices for me, which a life of devotedness only can repay. Louisa will you accept my hand and name?"

Is it necessary to state the reply of Louisa? The noble and generous offer which comprised in her eyes not only happiness, but the establishment of honour and reputation, was received with tears of love and gratitude.

A long conversation followed, chiefly upon their future arrangements; in the course of which Alfred entreated her to give him a small gold ring which Louisa's mother had tied round her neck with her dying blessing, praying Heaven that it might be as a talisman to shield her child from evil. This gift Louisa had guarded with religious love and reverence. Alfred had before frequently solicited it in vain. He now claimed it in the right of her future husband.

Louisa promised that it should be her wedding gift to him. He was fain to be satisfied with this promise, for before he could reply to it the entrance of Marian put a stop to their further discourse.

The old servant was evidently in a very bad humour. She made signs to her mistress that she had not found the shopkeeper at home, and that she had brought back the embroidery unsold.

Alfred perceived some of this dumb show, and inquired what it meant.

"Nothing," said Louisa, with a smile.

"Always mysterious!" returned Alfred, taking his hat, half angrily.

"No," said Louisa, arresting his ill-humour with a kiss.

Alfred was satisfied—or nearly so, and tenderly took his leave.

CHAPTER II.—OBSTACLES.

During the hours which the lovers were passing so happily together, a scene was proceeding in a neighbouring street at the Hotel de Monville, Rue de Grenelle, the denouement of which, if realised, promised effectually to interfere with their plans. The mother of Alfred was at that time receiving the formal—nay, almost solemn visit of the Countess de Chateaufort, a lady immensely rich, of the ancient noblesse, and influentially connected with the highest personages of the court. The countess had an only daughter, and hence her present visit to Madame de Monville. The negotiations had been going on for some time; the present interview was long, and the ladies, in separating, had lost something of the stiff and ceremonious dignity which marked their meeting. The two mothers had agreed to the marriage of Alfred and Madlle. de Chateaufort.

Madame de Chateaufort had scarcely quitted the drawing-room, attended by her hostess, at one door, when a personage of some consequence in our story entered by another. This was a lady, who had probably reached her twentieth year, but whose features still retained the charm and freshness of youth. The expression of her countenance was replete with winning modesty and in harmony with all her movements, which were marked by serene gentleness and grace. The beauty of Madame Valmont was not of that description which captivates at first sight, but it stole upon the heart, and left an indelible impression. A slightly brown complexion, as if coloured under the sunny skies of Italy, was contrasted by her deep blue eyes and fair hair—peculiarities which not unfrequently mark an organization uniting two opposite natures, the deep passions of the South with the voluptuous languor of the East. This charming person, notwithstanding all her external advantages, was far from happy. Married by her parents at an early age to M. Valmont, a man more than double her years, she had never known the felicity of mutual affection, nor even the tranquil comforts of ordinary wedded life. Her husband was a man without either vices or virtues properly so called. His mind was too much absorbed in commercial or other speculations to appreciate or even to think of his wife.

Any novel mercantile scheme, or extraordinary invention, particularly if there appeared any thing very impracticable about them, was certain to find in M. Valmont an active and zealous patron. But the numerous undertakings he had taken up had never but one result—failure. At last, nearly ruined, but still as sanguine as ever, he embarked the residue of a once large fortune in a miscellaneous cargo, with which he freighted a vessel for the antipodes. A newly invented soap, and some thousand cases of eau de Cologne, formed a large portion of his cargo, upon the sale of which he calculated upon realising at least 500 per cent in Australia, and thus being enabled to reconstruct his shattered fortunes. To direct so important an operation he had himself embarked for New South Wales, leaving Madame Valmont behind him in France, in possession of so much of her fortune as he had been by law unable to touch.

The mother of Alfred, who was a distant relative and had always been much attached to Madame Valmont, invited her to take up her abode in her hotel during her temporary widowhood—an offer which Madame Valmont gratefully accepted, as affording her not only a home and society, but the kind of protection which is necessary to a young woman in a position of some difficulty as well as delicacy.

Matilda Valmont had now been several months a member of the family, during which time her amiable character had ingratiated her into the most intimate confidence of Madame de Monville and Alfred. Indeed, had the heart of the latter not been entirely absorbed by his passion for Louisa, he might have found himself in dangerous proximity with his beautiful cousin.

Madame Valmont stood for a few moments after entering the room plunged in deep thought; but her countenance brightened on the re-entrance of Madame de Monville, who returned accompanied by another friend of the family—a M.

St. George. This gentleman appeared some forty years old. He had quitted the army to become partner in a Paris banking-house, of which one of his friends was at the head, and without remarkable talents of any kind, M. St. George before long found himself master of a considerable fortune, the acquirement of which, after the manner of most successful adventurers, he attributed solely to his own excessive cleverness. Without possessing the manners, and still less the feelings, of a gentleman,—for the French army, whatever be its other merits, is decidedly the worst school in the world for that species of knowledge,—his military habits had given him a certain frankness, which found favour in many of the aristocratic saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain; and, perfectly alive to the advantages of such a connexion, the ex-captain assiduously cultivated the good graces of the noble owners. In this he succeeded so well, particularly where the reigning powers happened to be vested in the hands of elderly ladies, that M. St. George was in certain families of distinction the chosen counsellor, friend, and agent in all cases of difficulty. He had been apparently sent for on the present occasion by Madame de Monville to be consulted upon some affair of importance, for the old lady told Matilda that she had to speak to him on particular business.

"You wish to be alone? I will leave you," said Matilda, rising.

"Order the carriage, my dear, and drive to the Champs Elysees. The day is beautiful, and it will do you good. You are looking a little pale." Madame de Monville, as she spoke, pressed the hands of Matilda affectionately. "By the way," she added, "you received letters with news of M. Valmont last night. I have not seen you since. I hope it was satisfactory—he is well?"

"Quite," returned Madame Valmont with a slight alteration of voice,—"quite well. Thanks, dear madam, for the interest you take in all that concerns me. Perfectly satisfactory."

With an amicable salutation to St. George, Matilda retired to her apartment.

She had no sooner quitted the room, than Madame de Monville acquainted her confidant that she had concluded the arrangements for the marriage of Mademoiselle de Chateaufort and her son. St. George was proceeding to congratulate her upon this splendid alliance, when she informed him that she had discovered the existence of a serious obstacle; one which, she feared, from the character of Alfred would be almost insurmountable.

This obstacle was her son's passion for Louisa, with which Madame de Monville appeared acquainted.

St. George treated it lightly, as an attachment natural at the age of Alfred, but which he had too much good sense to permit to stand in the way of an advantageous marriage. He would see the person in question himself—a milliner? a *dansuse*?

"Neither," said Madame de Monville. "I hear she is of honest parents, and has received a distinguished education. Of course, a creature without morals."

St. George readily assented to this conclusion.

"I will explain matters frankly to her," continued he. "Persons of this class don't want discernment. Alfred is rich, the thing must be done handsomely. A present of £500, perhaps much less, will remove every difficulty. Make yourself perfectly easy. I'll answer for settling the affair. Where does she live?"

"In the Rue St. Romain, near this."

"I'll see her at once," said St. George, rising and taking his hat.

Madame de Monville, however, advised him first to see her son on the subject; as, if he were really so attached to his mistress as represented to her, he would be disposed to resent any interference of which she might complain to him, and as in that case she would, doubtless, represent every thing that was said so as to suit her own views, it would be better to apply to her only as a last resort, should Alfred be inflexible. For herself, Madame de Monville confessed her reluctance to enter upon the subject with her son, knowing the determination with which he adhered to any resolution once taken, and doubting her own firmness, from knowing the influence he had over her mind.

St. George at once set about the task he had thus undertaken, for, be it observed, he was never so much at home as when meddling with the affairs of others. His interference, as might be anticipated, was very ill received by the young man. St. George, however, had no superfluous delicacy to be wounded and returned to the charge with such boldness and pertinacity that, after several warm discussions, a serious quarrel was nearly occurring between them in consequence of his speaking of Louisa in a tone which might be expected from his principles, but which M. de Monville warmly resented. St. George, however, wisely considered that, though an ally of the mother, it was no part of his mission to fight a duel with the son; he, therefore, resolved to change his tactics and appeal, as he originally intended, to Louisa herself.

In the meantime Alfred was wearied and annoyed by these discussions, and still more by the change of manner of his mother, to whom he was affectionately attached, and who, while she forebore to urge him on the subject of Mademoiselle de Chateaufort, omitted no occasion of shewing how earnestly she desired his marriage with that lady. The time he passed at home would have flown heavily indeed had it not been that he had there one friend, his kind cousin Madame Valmont, to whom he could confide all his annoyances, all his hopes; his love for his Louisa, their intended union—all was confided to her friendly ear. She used to question him on the beauty and accomplishments of his future wife, and charmed him by listening to his delighted descriptions until she appeared nearly as much in love with her as Alfred himself.

But before these anticipations could be realised, a grand obstacle had to be removed—the terrible marriage with Mademoiselle de Chateaufort, which his mother had so near at heart. The negotiations were silently proceeding, and the day next but one was fixed upon for the formal introduction of the two families at a grand dinner, given by Madame de Monville. Alfred owned his perplexity to his cousin. The union was impossible, yet he shrank from acquainting his mother with his refusal, which he knew would so seriously grieve her.

"There is a good angel who watches over true love," smilingly observed Madame Valmont. "Who knows, perhaps an objection may come from the other side! Hope!"

The day following Alfred was greatly surprised to learn from his mother that she had received an excuse from Madame de Chateaufort, who could not dine with them as had been arranged. She was suddenly about to quit Paris with her daughter for a short time. No further explanation was given, but the chagrin and disappointment visible in her countenance shewed that something had taken place to affect the threatened matrimonial project. Madame de Monville left the room to write a note, requesting to see M. St. George.

"My dear cousin," said Alfred to Madame Valmont, joyously, "this looks like a rupture. Is it one?"

"I hope so," returned Matilda.

"The 'good angel' that watches over true love is then yourself!"

"Silence!" said Matilda, "silence!"

"But how has it occurred? Tell me, dear cousin, that I may thank you—that I may—"

"Hush!" interrupted Madame Valmont, in a low voice. "What I have done is nothing. I saw you unhappy, and this is my sole excuse. Go, think only now of your Louisa. Marry her, as she is worthy of your heart. Adieu! in a short time your mother will yield to your prayers and forgive you. Farewell!"

In order to keep aloof from the little family discussions which were now likely to occur, Matilda accepted an invitation to pass a few days with a friend in the vicinity of Paris.

Nothing further was said of the marriage with Mademoiselle de Chateaufort. Yet Alfred could not obtain the consent of his mother to his union with Louisa. When she appeared disposed to yield, St. George, who seemed to consider that his credit as a man of business would be compromised were this marriage to take place, reproached her with weakness. At length, however, she did yield a reluctant assent; but on condition that she should not be asked to see her daughter in-law. With this De Monville was fain to be content for the present, relying upon the good offices of his gentle cousin, and upon that great softener of all asperities—Time, for a reconciliation at some future period.

Alfred possessed in his own right a small property, delightfully situated about twenty leagues from Paris. It was arranged that the marriage should take place there, in order to avoid all unnecessary publicity. As the chateau had not been inhabited for some years, it was requisite to put it into a state fit to receive its new mistress; and for this purpose Alfred determined to proceed thither to superintend in person the alterations and repairs. He was to be absent a week, and to return two days previous to the celebration of the marriage. It was the first separation of the lovers, and brief as it was to be, they parted with ominous grief—many tears on one side, deep sadness on both.

M. St. George resolved to take advantage of his absence and make a last effort to put a stop to the marriage. He accordingly saw Louisa two or three times.

On the return of Alfred to town he descended at his mother's hotel previous to hastening to Louisa. The concierge handed him a letter—it was anonymous! What this letter contained will be seen in the following pages.

CHAPTER III.—THE LETTER.

The eight long days of absence had expired. Louisa was anxiously expecting De Monville when she was startled by a violent ringing at the bell.

"'Tis he!" cried Louisa, joyously flying towards the door, "'tis he!"

De Monville entered.

Louisa's joy was short-lived. He was no longer the same being. His face was deadly pale, and she could only gaze on him in silence. Without a word, he entered, and closed the door behind him. With hasty strides he entered the inner room. She followed him.

His penetrating glance seemed to dive into the deepest recesses of her heart. One of his hands, placed under his cloak, was agitated by convulsive motion; with the other he seized Louisa's arm and forced her to remain near him. His look, his silence, were dreadful.

"Heavens!" cried she, "what is the matter? You terrify me!"

"Be seated," returned he.

She sat down at once, awed by his tone and gesture.

De Monville endeavoured to surmount the emotion he was labouring under. He remained silent for a few seconds, as if enjoying the increasing agitation of Louisa, and then, without taking his eyes from her face, he exclaimed,—

"And so you have deceived me!"

The poor girl drew back in stupor. It was now her turn to gaze in silence, to feel her words expire on her lips. De Monville, who still held her arm, shook her roughly, and, in accents of fury, exclaimed,—

"Answer, answer me, I say."

But it was in vain he tried to awaken her from the horrid trance. She did not reply, for the thought that he could believe her guilty had never entered her mind. All her fears were realized: the recollection of the intrigues, the manoeuvres she had so dreaded, assailed her at once. The horrible suspicion darted across her mind that Alfred no longer loved her—that, vanquished by the importunities of his family, he sought but a pretext to break off his engagements with her. An abyss had opened under her feet, and she had sunk into it.

De Monville, astonished at his easy triumph, again endeavored to restrain his feelings.

"I will be calm," said he. "Listen to me. This interview is most probably our last. If you cannot justify yourself it will lead to an eternal separation. But I will not judge without hearing you. If you have deceived me, Louisa, you are very guilty, for I had placed boundless confidence in you. I should have blushed to set a spy over your actions. I loved you and would have sacrificed all for you—family, friends, all."

She moved; she understood at last that he accused her of perfidy, of infamy. A flash of indignation covered her face and forehead, and when Alfred's glance again demanded an answer, it was met with a look of pride, but with the calmness of death.

A fresh pause ensued. Alfred continued.

"Speak calmly, Louisa. Am I the only man who has entered this apartment since my departure?"

"Ah! is that all?" said she, coldly. "Yes, a friend of yours—M. St. George."

"St. George!" exclaimed Alfred, surprised.

"Yes; he endeavoured by his counsel and persuasions to prepare me for the meeting of to-day."

"He shall explain his conduct. But I do not mean him; you do not mention another young man whose mysterious visits have been made known to me."

"Indeed!" said Louisa, recollecting a circumstance she had forgotten. "What have you been told?"

"What have I been told?" cried De Monville, crumpling in his rage a paper he had just drawn from his breast. "I have been told that the night before last a young man muffled up in a cloak, secretly visited you, introduced by your servant; that he remained with you two hours; that he had before paid you similar visits, though you never spoke to me respecting him, or mentioned his name; in a word, that he knew you before I did, that he loved you, that you were to have been his wife. Is it true? Must I name him?"

"It is needless," said Louisa, coldly and haughtily. "Who gave you these particulars?"

"This letter," said Alfred. "Can you deny its contents?"

"By whom is it written?"

"It has no signature; but that is of no consequence if its contents be true."

"An anonymous letter!" replied Louisa, with a contemptuous smile. "You believe an anonymous letter! A dastardly denunciation is stronger in your mind than all the proofs I have given you of my affection! You esteem me so highly that the first slanderer who chooses to blacken me in your eyes is believed without even being obliged to verify his calumny by his name! Ah! what will be our future life?"

"Instead of accusing others, defend yourself. If the author of this letter is a calumniator, I'll discover him; and, by Heaven! I'll punish him! But if he have only opened my eyes to your falsehood—and if he prove me to be the victim of your perfidy, I am his debtor for more than life. Listen, and tell me which of these titles he deserves."

Then unfolding the paper he read, in a voice nearly stifled by agitation, as follows:—

"Sir,—A person who takes an interest in your honor deems it a duty to assume the duty of an anonymous friend to acquaint you with the character of the woman who is soon to assume your name. I know not if you be the first in her affections, but you are not the first who was to have led her to the altar. A young man named Preville, whom she has known from her childhood, was to have married her; but this match was far from being so advantageous as that offered her by your love. She has therefore broken off with him, though she still continues to receive his visits. As, however, they must now separate, she saw him the evening before last to bid him adieu. Your absence from Paris favored this rendezvous, which lasted for two hours. He then quitted her as he had arrived, taking the utmost precaution to avoid discovery."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Louisa. "What a web of falsehood! M. Preville—"

"Ah!" cried De Monville, "you acknowledge that he has been here!"

"Yes! but hear me in your turn."

"No! I have heard enough—too much," said De Monville in a voice of mingled fury and despair.

"Listen to me, Alfred. Do not accuse me without allowing me to answer. I am innocent. My only error is to have made a secret of his visits. I did so partly because I dreaded your jealous suspicions, but chiefly because I held them of so little consequence as not to be worth while remembering or naming. Yes, it is true, that almost in childhood, our families have been neighbors and friends, in Provence, a union was talked of between us. But I never entertained a feeling towards him but that of the coldest indifference; and, grown up, the project, if ever really contemplated, was no longer thought of. Since I have been in Paris, business has two or three times led M. Preville to town, and he never failed to bring me tidings of my old friends. The day before yesterday he again returned, and it is true that he called in the evening, and true that he remained some time, for I had much to tell. I concealed nothing, neither my love for you, nor your generous conduct, nor our approaching union. As to the precautions he is said to have used, I know nothing of them. His visit was of no importance; I did not expect it, and if I did not mention it, it was because it had escaped my memory."

De Monville's suspicions were shaken by this simple recital. As she spoke he became less agitated, and began to feel ashamed of his credulity. Half convicted of his error, he was ready to fall down at her feet and supplicate the pardon of the woman he adored, when his eye fell upon the latter part of the letter, which he had not read. He hesitated, and determined to make a last trial.

"Pardon me, dearest," said he, "if I have suspected you unjustly. The excess of my love renders me distrustful. Besides the secrets you confess to have concealed from me must serve to excuse my first transports. Can you forgive me?"

She placed one of her hands on her heart, and offered him the other. He covered it with kisses.

"Ah!" said she, "Alfred how you have grieved me! I did not think it possible to suffer so much and live."

"And now, my dearest," said De Monville, "as a pledge of our reconciliation, give me that ring you have so often refused me—your mother's ring. The more your heart values the gift, the dearer the sacrifice will be to me."

She replied, smiling, "Why this new desire? What value can it have in your eyes?"

"Does it not contain my Louisa's hair, cut from her forehead when she was a child? Do not refuse me. Give it me, I conjure you! I know where you keep it; in a small box in your secretary. Give me the key!"

"His looks were tender and caressing, but his voice trembled with a strange emotion," Louisa remarked it.

"Ah!" said she, "is it thus you sue for pardon?"

"I will have it!" cried De Monville, giving vent to the passion, he had hitherto suppressed with a struggle; "I'll take it by force!"

"Still suspicious!"

"Still mysterious!"

"Well, sir, I will explain all. If I have refused till now to allow you to open my secretary, it is because it contains papers which would have let you see that, unable to live on my small income, as you imagined, I have supported myself on the produce of my labour. I did not acquaint you with this because I was too proud to receive your gifts. Was it a crime?"

De Monville heard her; he wished to believe what she said; but, like a fatal poison, the letter burned his hands. He resumed, with a bitter smile,—

"And thus you have again deceived me?"

He snatched the key from her hand. Stupified at his violence, she sunk, half fainting, into a chair.

"De Monville seized the secretary, searched—seized the box—opened it—the ring was gone!"

"Ah!" cried he, casting on her a look of concentrated fury, I knew it!"

At these words Louisa arose, ran to the secretary, and searched in vain for her ring.

"My ring!" she exclaimed, "Where is it! Where is my ring?"

"Gone!"

"Stolen, stolen!"

"Yes, stolen," said Alfred. Then taking her rudely by the arm, he read aloud from the letter,—

"The proof that all ties are not broken off between this woman and her former lover—a proof that they still love each other—is, that she made him a present of a ring, a family ring, given her by her mother, enclosing some of her own hair."

"Now," cried De Monville, "can you deny it? You refused to give me the ring, you refused to give me the key. Falsehood upon falsehood, infamy upon infamy!"

In a frantic voice she called her servant. "My ring, Marian! where is my ring? What have you done with my ring?"

"You know Marian is not here," said De Monville, with a smile of scornful bitterness. "Farewell, madame; tell your lover he can return."

"Louisa had fallen senseless on the ground. De Monville cast a last look at her as she lay, pale and motionless. He took a few steps towards her; but indignation arrested this movement of returning tenderness.

He threw a purse of gold upon the table, and disappeared.

UNEARNED MONEY.

However common may be the desire of sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, nor so pleasantly and judiciously spent, as when hardly-earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality.

Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so greatly to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labour and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which *must* be done, will be the safest and best.

And yet how often do foolish parents debar themselves of almost the necessities of life, and drudge on to the latest moment of existence, to send out into the world some pet son with a good supply of this unearned money! How often, in order to secure to one member of a family the coveted title of a 'gentleman,' the greatest illiberality and injustice are exercised towards the rest! Not unfrequently, however, does it happen that these 'gentlemen' turn out the most ungentle of their family; and the poor, unprovided members, who had nothing but their own energy and industry to look to, rise to a level of respectability and usefulness far superior to the ready-made gentility of their envied relation.

In glancing over the glittering list of those who have made the greatest achievements, whether in art, science, or literature, how few of them, we find, were possessed of unearned money! They were for the most part men of single purpose and patient perseverance; and this was their only wealth. Their genius was nursed in the cradle of toil; and we may safely assert that, with respect to the most of them, had they been born in the enervating lap of independence and abundance, the flame of their genius would have been either dimmed or extinguished, and the works of a Haydn, a Burns, and a Rembrandt, might have been lost to the world.

Among business men this thirst for unearned money often produces the most disastrous consequences. A bubble company makes out a plausible statement of certain profits, to an amount double or triple those which the plodding tradesman obtains from his ordinary business, and he consequently despises those gains which have enabled him to bring up a family in sufficiency and respectability. Business is neglected, customers are offended: his thoughts and energies are bent in a new direction; and, too late, he wakes from his dream of affluence, to find his hope a bubble, and his prospects ruined.

Even when speculations are successful, how seldom is the unearned money acquired by them a real blessing! The mind becomes restless and unsettled; habits of gambling are formed; with the increase of money comes an increase of ambition; and generally the spirit of speculations become more rash and more hazardous, till the hundredth one, proving disastrous, dissipates in an hour the gain of the ninety-nine preceding fortunate ones. Or if the speculator has that rare command over himself to stop at a given point, satisfied with his success, how seldom does his prosperity prove increase to his respectability, comfort, or usefulness! Too often does the history of such men furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment of Coleridge—

"Sudden wealth, full well I know,
Did never happiness bestow.
That wealth to which we were not born,
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn."

Seldom is money so obtained spent wisely, and not unfrequently in some absurd manner, that only provokes the contempt and ridicule of all right-thinking men, endowed with better taste and sentiments of greater propriety.

In the disposition of property much harm is often done by thoughtless and ill-judging persons, in leaving a mass of unearned money to one individual, for the foolish gratification of keeping it together, or the selfish one of preventing it from going out of the family. How much more judicious, and, in many cases, more just, would it be to consider the claims of poorer relations, to whom a small sum would be so great an assistance, rather than surround some one individual with what too often proves a temptation and a provocative to idleness and dissipation! As long as we can help others to help themselves, our help is a blessing; but when we help them in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of their own exertion, we injure them morally more than we assist them substantially.

There is also a satisfaction and relish, so to speak, about money hardly-earned, which can never be found in unearned money. The wealthy merchant, whose income has scarcely a limit, will sometimes look back with something like a sigh on the time when he was an apprentice, and feel less pleasure in a hundred-pound note than he then derived from the bright silver six-pence which he had earned with such difficulty. How it was looked at again and again; how carefully it was deposited in a place of security; and how, ever and anon, it was anxiously visited, to see that it had not by any strange chance escaped from its snugger! And then the pleasurable anxieties as to the most desirable way of spending it—the book, the cakes, the present—how difficult it was to choose between claims so equal; how many resolves and re-resolves were taken before the important point was satisfactorily settled! Oh, the possession of that hardly-earned sixpence produced far greater pleasure than any hundred-pound note since! Such a fresh sweetness is there about the 'wholesome air of poverty,' for which the luxurious atmosphere of independence and competence is a poor substitute; and the period of life when money was hardly-earned, will generally be found, in the retrospect, the purest and pleasantest of existence.

Undoubtedly the prevalence of unearned money in old countries is one princi-

pal reason of the greater amount of profligacy, luxury, and effeminacy of character found in them than in newer ones; and is also, consequently, one great hastener of their downfall. In young countries, men have to earn before they can spend, and the habits of daily toil give a robustness to the body, and independence to the character, and an elevation to the mind, highly beneficial to the whole community. In old countries, however, where there are always numerous individuals who are above the necessity of toil, and who live only to spend, habits of luxury are insensibly formed, dissipation fills up the unoccupied hours, and society becomes listless and enervated. Such are the effects, both on men and nations, of unearned money.

Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and baneful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untolled for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

DR. GULLY'S WATER CURE IN CHRONIC DISEASE.

The medical works of Dr. Gully that have fallen in our way have been generally distinguished by literary ability, ingenuity of hypothesis, and considerable plausibility of exposition and argument in advancing his views. Those views, however, have been dogmatic rather than capable of proof, or at least than proved; and Dr. Gully seems, like the Athenians of old, to be smitten with a taste for new things. In his *Simple Treatment of Disease*, he pointed out the evils that arise from active practice, and advanced some very sensible views as to the propriety of watching the intentions of Nature, but not interfering with her till those intentions are indicated. In carrying out this principle, however, he seemed to us to push his practice to an extent which Nature did not require and patients would not submit to. He gave ample credit to the powers of Nature in expelling the disease, but too little in bearing the remedies.

Although there is no apparent resemblance between *The Water Cure in Chronic Disease* and the *Simple Treatment*, the "Cure" is in reality a corollary from the "Treatment." In both cases Dr. Gully conceives that the cure emanates from Nature, and that the physician's business is only to assist or "flip" her. In both, Dr. Gully makes time, and rest or relaxation, main elements of the curative means; and demands from patients more of time and submissive attention than the majority, we suspect, will choose to render. The steps in advance in the present work consist in throwing physic to the dogs,—prescribing water, both externally and internally, in immense quantities, under certain regulations; and in a theory or hypothesis of the origin of all disease, and of the mode in which the water cure operates (and physic, as we understand, cannot operate at all) in curing it. In presenting this hypothesis, Dr. Gully speaks with his wonted dogmatism; and any one would suppose that he was enunciating a series of established mathematical truths, rather than advancing views that may be disputed. To give a full account of Dr. Gully's exposition of the causes of chronic or rather of all diseases, cannot be done in our limited space; but we will convey an outline of it as well as we can. It has some resemblance to Dr. Searle's theory of the capillaries, which we mentioned last week; but *The Water Cure in Chronic Disease* excels *The Why and the Wherefore* in its system, comprehensiveness, and literary exposition.

In every part of the body, blood vessels exist in such numbers that the point of the finest instrument cannot be introduced without touching some of them; and those vessels are ever accompanied by ganglionic nerves,—though Dr. Gully prefers the term "nutritive," as they regulate the action of nutrition. The central seat of these important nerves is the organs of respiration and digestion (the stomach and the lungs;) and in these two, but chiefly in the stomach, most disease originates, and in the stomach all of it must be cured. Even a surgical case depends upon the condition of the nutritive nerves and blood-vessels of the stomach. If they form healthy blood from the food ingested, the injury is readily repaired; if not, it is repaired slowly, or not at all. These ganglionic or nutritive nerves have irritability, which is ever in action, but not sensibility, which arises from the nerves of the brain and spinal cord. Hence, a great deal of mischief may be going on without the patient being cognizant of the extent of the injury, or even his medical adviser, if the latter relies upon the evidence of pain: which, however, he does not; nor do Dr. Gully's illustrations of the mode in which disease is induced negative the absence of pain, or at least of sensation, because injury cannot take place without involving more than the nerves of irritation.

"The first effect, therefore, of causes of disease—excessive cold or heat, infectious matter, &c.—is upon that nervous system which presides over the capillary or nutritive blood-vessels, and whose central portions are in the viscera of the chest and abdomen—the ganglionic system.

"It is ascertained by numerous experiments, that the first effect of all kinds of agents upon the nervously-endowed capillaries is to produce contraction of them; a diminution of their calibre by the fact of their contraction. In other words, all agents are stimulants to them, and bring them into action, and that action is contraction. But as all action is effort, such effort must, in a living body, be succeeded by lassitude and exhaustion; and in the case of these small blood-vessels, relaxation and increase of calibre is the evidence of this secondary state; and further, it follows that the amount of relaxation will be in exact proportion to the amount of the previous contraction.

"Of course the condition of the blood as to quantity is affected by these two opposite states of the vessels that contain it. When the vessels contract on the application of the morbid stimulus, they drive their contained blood from them; and when relaxation ensues, the blood rushes into their increased calibre; and the amount of blood thus brought into a part will be, of course, in exact proportion with the relaxation, and this with the contraction, of the containing blood-vessels.

"To illustrate all this. I apply water at 35° of Fahrenheit to the back of the hand when it is warm: it first of all drives the blood from the skin, and renders it pale; this is because the cold has stimulated the nutritive nerves of the blood-vessels, and caused them to contract and drive the blood from them; but in a very short time the skin becomes more than usually red, and, if friction be used, hot too; this is because the vessels have been exhausted by the contracting effort, have relaxed, and admitted more blood into them. This is an approach to inflammation of the skin of the hand.

"Or take a piece of frozen mercury, the temperature of which is 38° below the zero of Fahrenheit, and apply it on the hand. The stimulus is so violent,

the contraction so excessive, as to be instantaneously followed by excessive relaxation and total loss of vital power of the blood-vessels, and inflammation of the most destructive kind is produced. The part is burnt, in fact, as effectually as if the opposite stimulus of red-hot iron had been applied.

"Between these two instances the shades of stimulation and relaxation are infinite, according to the morbid agent applied. The more stimulating the agent, the more rapid and extreme the amount of blood brought to the part, whether that part be the skin of the hand or the mucous lining of the stomach or lungs."

Dr. Gully next proceeds to inquire into the changes of the blood; and then illustrates the progress of the local injury upon the general system.

"A man ingests highly-seasoned meats and alcoholic drinks, and begets in the mucous lining of his stomach a patch of such disorders as I have minutely described. Now, though that disorder is, as regards the patch itself, one of depressed vital power, it becomes to other parts a source of exalted vital action,—as if the very fact of the existence of a diseased point roused the system to efforts for its relief; an opinion that was held by Hippocrates, and has prevailed with some of the soundest physicians since his time. The sympathy thus excited in other organs of the body is in proportion to the amount and kind of nervous matter they contain. Thus, in the case before us, the ganglionic nervous matter of the mucous membrane of the stomach excites the same matter distributed to the heart; whose beats are, in consequence, increased in frequency and force; the pulse becomes rapid and hard; as a result of this quickened pulse, the breathings also quicken. Then comes the sympathy with the spinal cord and the brain, whose functions are rendered irregular or are oppressed; hence the lassitude of mind and limb, the prostration of strength, the somnolence first, and then the sleeplessness, &c. Then there are the sympathies with the mucous surfaces of all the other organs roused, causing the diminution and vitiation of their secretions: hence the heaviness and the aching of the forehead, the suffused eyes, the fevered and dry tongue, the thirst, the stoppage of the bile, the constipation of the bowels, the scantiness of the secretion from the kidneys, all of them are dependent on mucous membranes. And as this mucous surface extends to the outer part of the body, forming the true skin, the same morbid sympathy extends thither, accompanied with the same diminution and vitiation of sensation and secretion; hence the dry and hot skin called 'feverish heat.'

"In fact, here is a case of what is called 'simple inflammatory fever,' a general disease traceable to a small point of acute inflammation in the stomach. Sometimes the same general result follows on the application of cold air to the outer mucous surface—the skin, whereby the blood is thrown on an extensive portion of the inner mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and lungs; and then nearly the same phenomena are present, and a 'feverish cold' is said to exist. But in either case, and indeed in all cases of general symptoms, there is one organ, and sometimes only one spot of an organ, that originates the whole series, and which must be overcome, as the cause, before we can vanquish the symptoms, which are the effects."

If this disease goes on, it may induce death or serious illness; but if not so violent, it terminates in a chronic state of disorder, that may extend from the stomach to the other organs of the body. But the stomach still remains the key of the position; because not only must a better nutrition originate there, but it is by means of the stomach that all internal remedies must be administered and reach the other parts—you cannot, for instance, act upon the liver without first digesting the medicines and stimulating the stomach. The medicines, however, as usually administered, Dr. Gully, with his cold-water lights, has decided rather mischievous than otherwise. They temporarily relieve the earlier stage of the acute disorder, only to advance it into the chronic, which they gradually aggravate instead of cure. It is probable that there is much truth in this; that abstinence and repose after indulgence—that a strict system of diet on the first appearance of indigestion, coupled with attention to the skin, and to air and exercise—would cure all the lighter preliminary acute derangements which subsequently run into the chronic. "But men are men," as Iago says. If they never indulged there would be no occasion for abstinence; if they made a habit of temperance, cleanliness, and exercise in the open air, they would enjoy health as good as their constitution permits. But "nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit"; and the constitution of many persons is so delicate naturally, or through their occupation, that they are constantly subject to external influences. And what are all such people to do? The necessities of life will not allow them to give weeks to Dr. Gully's simple treatment, still less months to his water cure. They take, and we suspect they must continue to take, physic—not as a good, but a necessary evil. Whether they may not take too much, just as they eat too much, indulge too much, and in bodily matters do and risk too little, is another question.

The brief summary we have given of Dr. Gully's views of the causes of chronic disease, must only be regarded as an outline; yet his exposition of the subject forms but a small portion of a bulky volume. The second part applies his theory to various diseases of the digestive organs, lungs, nerves, limbs, and skin; each disorder being illustrated by cases, some of a very wonderful character; but the whole containing various passages well worth consideration, though rather for their critical censure of the systems of over-dosing and active practice, or for their pathological remarks, than for their enforcement of Dr. Gully's own theory. The third part contains the author's exposition of the rationale of the cold water cure; in which the skin is represented as a great curative medium, but the direct curative agents are the blood-vessels, relieved by an improved action of the skin and stimulated by the various applications of the water. There is in this, as in many other parts, a dogmatism of manner, which savours rather of the unscrupulously positive empiric than the cautious physician, who knows the uncertainties of things; but the matter is for the most part reasonable enough. Dr. Gully very properly exposes the promises and mechanical practices of many so-called professors of the cold water cure, and the lucubrations of amateurs. He also fairly admits, that in all the commoner cases, the water merely saves time; that regimen, relaxation, air, and exercise, if properly persevered in, would work the same results, but by a slower process.

ANOTHER DISH OF "LOBSCOUSE."

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a second dish of "Lobscouse," which we trust may prove as palatable as the first. Indeed we can have but small doubt of that; since the naturalness and simplicity which are the characteristics of these unstudied sketches are qualities that will always insure commendation. But to begin: "Squillgee apostrophiseth the Island of Madeira:" "Oh, lovely island of Madeira! oh, genial 'South-side!' where the rich clusters of the grape blush on the hills' acclivity, beneath the warm glances of the glowing sun; where products of the temperate and the torrid zone vie in

luxuriance, and all is fresh and green; how grateful is the sight thou presentest to the consumers of 'hard tack' and salt junk!—for understand that by some mismanagement our fresh 'grub' had given out a week before. Howbeit, we had potatoes and onions, two necessary ingredients, and were thus enabled to concoct that savory mess, the name whereof, like that of my yarn, is 'Lobscouse.'" Squillgee proceeds to record a spirited account of "Old Boreas the Boatswain's Courtship and Wedding," as taken down from the lips of the "Old Salt" himself: Old Boreas the Boatswain had a most lugubrious expression on his excessive ugly countenance, one cool afternoon, as Squillgee went forward to smoke a "mild Havana;" (*en passant*, let me add, that that was his style of doing up the sentimental.) "Mr. Boreas," said Squillgee, "what's the matter with you? Your face is as grim as the carving at the end of a cat-head." Before going any farther, however, let us take a look at the individual. You must know, reader, that the carving on a cat-head is generally designed to represent the flattened face of a ferocious lion or tiger, and is frequently gilded. Take such a face, give it a little more prominence of nose, letting it turn up withal; bring the chin out to a point, backed by a doubling of the "dew-lap;" color it with a mixture of red and bronze, and you will have what I think all who remember Boreas will consider a true likeness of that old and faithful servitor of his country. His body too possessed some distinctive features, in the peculiarity of its shortness, roundness, and manner of stepping the legs. Having been for the greater part of his life a boatswain's-mate, he had been during that time confined to the use of a roundabout; but no sooner was the appointment of boatswain conferred on him, than 'long togs' were the order of the day; and as if to make up for the past, he had a coat manufactured with an immensity of flap and a length of tail truly astonishing. Of a Sunday, when after piping "all hands to muster" he came up to the officer of the deck, in all the dignity of his situation, and reported "Men all up, Sir," his appearance reminded one forcibly of a swallow lighted on the ground. Many of my readers have no doubt observed how those birds strut about with their wings folded over their tails; even so looked Boreas on these occasions, with his broad-tailed coat enveloping the rear of his rotund person.

"Ah! Mr. Squillgee," replied Boreas, in answer to the question, "What's the matter with you?"

"I was a-thinking of old times, and it makes me sort of solemn-choly-like."

"What on earth can you have to make you sad, Boreas, unless it may be that some of your various little peccadilloes are rising up in your memory? You've certainly done your country good service."

"Yes, Sir, but 't ain't about the service I was a-thinking. My mind was a-going back to the days when I was young, before I signed a purser's receipt; when Peg Cleaver and me was a-going to be spliced—'married' I used to call it in them days."

"Have you never been married, Boreas?"

"No, Sir, I never have," he replied, heaving such a sigh; drawing in his breath and throwing it out with such tremendous force that it could only be compared to the blowing of a porpoise. "Some folks ashore," he continued, "say a sailor has a wife in every port, and that out o' sight 's out o' mind; but I can tell 'em a man has feelin's, if he *does* go to sea for a livin'; and that 'ere matter of Peg Cleaver has been writ down in the log of my memory from that day to this."

"What prevented your marrying her?"

"Well, Sir, while you are up there a-smoking I will give you the yarn. It ain't very long, and I think I can reel it off by the time you'll get through with your cigar."

Putting an enormous quid of tobacco into his mouth, and seating himself on the gun beneath me, he related the story of what I will venture to say was the only incident of romance and sentiment in the whole course of his long and rugged life.

"Well, Sir, this 'ere turn-up came off about the time they was fitting out vessels for the Tripolitan war. It was at Philadelphia, where we was both born and lived opposite to each other, that it took place. I was about eighteen; she mayhap was a year or two younger nor me, and a monstrous handsome girl she was. But you must first understand that our grandfathers and fathers was butchers. I was 'most out of my 'prenticeship to the same trade, and she was a pretty good hand a-ready at making sausages. All this made a sort o' good feeling 'twixt the two families, and Peg and I used to be always a-playing together when we was children; but arter a while, as we grew up, somehow we began to fight shy and shy of one another, until at last we knocked off playing altogether; and one day Peg says to me, as I passed and said, 'How d'ye do, Peg?' says she, 'How d'ye do, Mr. Boreas?' That took me all aback. Arter that I always when we met had a kind o' queer feeling, and was 'most afraid to speak to her. She generally spoke first, and when she said 'How d'ye do, Mr. Boreas?' I would say, 'How d'ye do, Marm?'"

"Well, as I was a-tellin' you, I was about eighteen, and she sixteen or seventeen, when one day the old woman came to me, and says she to me, says she, 'Ben,' says she, 'Why don't you go over and see Peg Cleaver?'"

"'Lor! mother!' says I, 'what's the use?' And I felt my face kind o' sneaking and turning all over red."

"'Ben,' says the old woman, 'Mrs. Cleaver and me have made a bargain 'bout marrying you two; the sooner the better, 'specially as that young carpenter, Jack Plane, is fooling around the girl. To tell you the truth, her father and your'n has agreed with us that there shall be a wedding to-morrow; for there's no telling which is the worst to let run on long, a courtin'-match or a butcher's bill; and as it's you and Peg is the ones that's to be married, and I know you like her and she likes you, you must go right away and see her—right away, now! You've got on your new clothes, (it was a Sunday,) so you must go.'"

"I knew it was no use backing and filling about the matter when the old lady put her foot down, so I made sail for old Cleaver's. But there was Peg standing at the door, and that made me feel bashful. If she'd been in the house it would have been something of a stove-off; but to walk upright to her a-standing, I swore, come what would, I wouldn't do it. She stood in her door and I in our'n, looking up the street and looking down; up at the eaves-trough and down at the pigs in the gutter. Sometimes our eyes met; quick as wink down her's would go, and her face turn scarlet-red. I see at onst they'd been a-telling her, too. At last she went in. 'Now's my chance!' said I, and away I went across the street, my ears buzzing, my face burning and my eye-sight clean gone. How I made the door is more nor I can tell. When I first came to my senses, old Marm Cleaver was a-joking me about falling foul of Peg too soon."

"'Ben,' says she, 'if you commence that way in the beginning,' says she, 'there's no telling how you'd treat the girl arter a while; but never mind; I know your disposition, my son; you was only a little bashful. You'll get over that 'fore you're married long.'"

"Well, there set Peg, looking as red as a boiled lobster, or a British soger's

jacket, and I, I suppose, like a French soger's trowsers, while the old woman was a-telling how happy we'd be together; how the old folks would set us up in business, hauling off themselves; and how we must be careful and saving for our children as they had been for their'n. Jist then my old woman came in, and at it she goes. Mean time, Peg and I was afraid to let our eyes meet, but we kept 'em a-going like main bunting-blocks; when one pair was up, the other was down. Howsomdever, arter a while my old woman says, 'Ben,' says she, 'kiss your intended, and let's be off.'

"We both stood up; but that's all; neither of us stirred tack nor sheet; just as if we was hard and fast a-ground, and hadn't any purchases to heave off with."

"Fie! for shame!" said both our mothers.

"Then Peg, who was braver about them matters nor I, pitched into me, kissed me very sweet on my lips, and ran out o' the room. We then went home, and such a making of cakes, and custards, and high-seasoned sassaages, and cutting off ch'ice jints of meats, you never did see. The old woman, soon arter we got back, took me one side and said I'd have to write some poetry to Peg in course: 'Your father did it before we was married, and I never know'd a decent woman as didn't get a set of verses before her wedding; you may say it's a part of the sarimony.'

"I couldn't help bu'sting out a-laughing: 'How can I send Peg any poetry, mother, when I haint got any, and what's more don't know where to get any? It's sartain I can't manufacture it myself.'

"You're a fool!" says the old woman: 'aint Dimplin's daughter here!—the one as has been to boarding-school!—and aint she a prime hand at making poetry? Look 'ere, Ben, I know'd how it would turn out, so I got her to write this 'ere for you.' At that she hauled out of her buzzum a sort of young letter. On the inside of it was a couple of hearts, with an arrow through 'em, and a — of a fire round 'em; a picture of them 'ere hearts is pricked onto my arm, and the verses is fresh in my mind now."

"Let's have them," said Squilgee.

"Well, Sir, they was quite pretty, and went someway like this:

Peg, my love,
My turtle-dove!
To-morrow night,
If the moon shines bright,
You and I, though two we be,
Will be made one by matrimony!"

I signed my name, "Your loving Ben Boreas," and sent it over by one of the girls who was a-helping to get ready for the wedding, and she told me, when she came back, that Peg read it and kissed it, and put it in her buzzum.

"Well, I stood it pretty well, Sir, till the time for the wedding came on; but when they told me to go up and dress, I was as scared as a dolphin with the grains in him. I loved Peg worse nor a albatross loves blubber, or yet fat pork; but when our folks got over there, and I see 'em all seated round the wall, my hair fairly stood on end like the bowsprit-bits. Howsomdever, seeing that carpenter chap, that Jack Plane I was telling you about, in amongst 'em, in I went, out of spite. The girls was all giggling together, so I walked into the back entry, out of sight. Jist then there was a noise at the front door: it was the parson coming in. After a little talking with the old folks, 'Is all ready?' says he. 'All ready.' 'Bring in the bride!' I looked through the passage; the back door was open, swinging back'ards and for'ards. I don't know what it was, praps 't was a ge-nii, but so 'think come over me; and just as the bed-room door was opened to let Peg in, I shot out the back gate!

"Well, to make matters short, as I see your cigar is a-most out, Sir, I listed on board the frigate Philadelphia, and went to Tripoli, where we was captured, on account of running on some rocks unbeknownst to us, as we was a-going to 'tack the town. They took us ashore, those bloody-minded villains, the Turks, and fastened us up at night, and made us work; but you know-all about that, and how Commodore Preble and Decatur, and some of the gentlemen, fixed 'em off. Well, we got home at last, and as soon as we was paid off, I made sail for Philadelphia; and when I got there I started with a straight wake for the old man's house. When it hove in sight, the pumps began bringing up water into my eyes faster than the eye-lids could clear themselves. I could not well see, but lost my course, and fetched up on the other side of the street ag'in a woman and two small children."

"Will you take another plate, reader! Don't be afraid of its 'sitting heavy' upon you; it is light, and easily digested. Try another plate:

"One day—you know time will pass, so that it is scarcely necessary for me to say that this occurrence took place many years ago, like the rest of this veritable record, the events of which occurred, and were known to Squilgee, his messmates and shipmates—one day, as I've said, Dump being or having been disturbed by a holy-stoning in the morning, made use of the following expressions to Bogee:

"Sir, it is perfectly horrible how much one has to suffer, in order to enjoy the pleasures of a sea-life!"

"How so, Mr. Dump?" inquired Bogee.

"Why, Sir," replied the 'respondent,' to use a chancery phrase, 'all this hauling of big stones; this clattering of squilgees, this slapping about of swabs, is perfectly horrible; in fact, Sir, it is a great taxation, and is enforced at an enormous cost to those taxed."

"Mr. Dump, do you know any thing about taxation?" said Bogee, squaring himself up, and looking like one who was about to impart information; although any one who knew him well could have detected a certain twitching of the lips, which indicated something that was not particularly serious in regard to any kind of subject. 'Did you ever hear, Sir, of taxation in its worst form?"

"No, Sir."

"Then I'll tell you where you'll find it; it's in Morocco. The emperor, you must know, Mr. Dump, cannot call on his subjects for their taxes directly; but he sends an order to the bashaw of a district. The bashaw sends to the sheik, or some other such outlandish sort of character. The sheik calls for the richest men in his villages, and states, that like Mr. York, they are wanted. The Jews are generally those most likely to be selected. Well, they are brought into the presence of the man of authority and ranged according to rank; that is, according to the amount of the 'available' they may be supposed to possess. Those of the highest rank are placed in boxes suited to their dimensions, their heads being left out, in order that they may see what is going on. A grim old Moor, the executioner of the tribe, perhaps, comes forward with a saw in his hand, and at a given signal commences sawing away at the box. 'God is great!' says the sheik, who I might as well say is a perfectly disinterested spectator of the scene, 'God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!' The great wearer of the parasol, (for you should be informed that the emperor of those regions is

the only person who is entitled to wear an umbrella,) is in want of 'the ready,' and it becomes every true son of his father to bring forth that portion which, blessed be Allah! it is allowed him to contribute toward the support of our holy religion.

"Most Magnificent!" says the Hebrew capitalist, 'your miserable slave has not where withal to feed himself, his wife or his children, his ox or his ass!'

"Chee-chaw! chee-chaw!" goes the saw; and the old Moor who is using it does not look the prisoner in the face, neither does he look at the cadi; for he knows there's to be no sign of mercy from him until the regular or rather the irregular contribution is made. "Chee-chaw! chee-chaw!" goes the saw. The old Moor begins to perspire; but he is a robust and athletic man, and will not stop until the cadi tells him so to do. The cadi looks on and says not a word, and the old Moor *saws* on, and says just as little; but the man in the box protests that his springs have dried up, his dates have failed, his wives are dead, his slaves are dying; that a piastre is a curiosity to him, and 'Job's turkey' a Cræsus in comparison; in short, that he cannot produce 'the need-ful.'

"Chee-chaw!" is the voice of the saw; the old Moor goes on, and the saw is entering the wood; ay, it enters into the very folds of his clothes.

"Most Magnificent!" says he, in an agony of fear, 'I will give thee a thousand!' The cadi shakes his head, and the saw enters farther—even into the texture of his under garments.

"Five thousand!" exclaims the man in the box—a *bad* box too, you will say.

"Fifty thousand!" replies the cadi, unmoved in feature.

"Chee-chaw! chee-chaw!" goes on the saw, and the old Moor holds on to his business, for he knows that it is near its end.

"Most Magnificent!" screams the boxed, "fifty thousand!" for the saw, you must understand, is eating into his flesh. Well, he always has a friend at hand with the necessary number of purses, which being presented, they rip him, or I should say the box, open, and let him out. A man possessed of more moderate means is "squeezed." His 'taxation' is a rough, angular stone, placed in his closed hand, over which a piece of green hide is tightly sewed. The hand thus enclosed is then exposed to the influence of a Morocco sun. The contracting of the hide-envelope, as you can easily conceive, would bring any reasonable man to terms.

"I should certainly think so!" remarked Dump.

"But," continued Bogee, 'the compulsory process adopted with the minor liabilities is the most singular of all. You've never seen the oriental style of dress, Mr. Dump, have you? Instead of our fashion of unmentionables, they cover their extremities with a sort of loose bag, with holes in the lower part just large enough to stick their legs through. Well, when they do n't "come up to taw," and fork over their one, two, or three hundred, as it may be, several large Thomas-cats are placed in these peculiar kind of breeches; the individual then has his hands tied in front, and is led through the streets by a grave official with a very long beard, and followed by crowds of the curious, particularly the urchins of the village, all of whom are watching to ascertain what degree of scratching and biting a man can endure; for you must know that those miniature tigers, when jumbled together in such an unceremonious fashion, are not the most amiable animals in the world. In fine, the poor devil is at length absolutely clawed into fulfilling his national duties by the cats in his capacious trowse'loous."

"What an embarrassing position to be placed in!" said Dump.—*Knickerbocker*.

THE MARTYRDOM OF GIVING.

There are some persons in the world whose nature is composed of such mean and sordid elements, that they seem to have little idea of opening their hand except for the purposes of getting and grasping. They move, not in obedience to the centrifugal law of love, which throws everything off from the centre, but to the centripetal law of self, which draws everything towards it. *L. s. d.* may be said to be their whole alphabet, and No. 1 the limit of their calculations. They have a horror of collection sermons, and 'boxing-day' is their abhorrence. They cannot endure the sight of a poor relation; and such is their sensibility of pocket, that they can infallibly distinguish the knock of any one who comes on a begging errand. Public dinners they scrupulously avoid, because of those 'annoying collections;' and at any time they would as soon lose some of the blood which circulates in their body, as part with any of that more valued blood which circulates in their pocket. Those who know them, appeal to their generosity with a hopeless shrug, knowing that 'Can't afford it,' 'Bad times,' &c. will be the almost certain response. The vital tide of money, intended to circulate freely through the arteries and veins of society, coagulates in their purse; and that which was given for life and health, produces, by stagnating, nothing but moral disease and corruption.

There are some so entirely possessed by these feelings, that it is an agony and a martyrdom to them to pay even the strict demands of justice. They can scarcely be persuaded to regard a creditor as a being of the same nature as a debtor. It is part of their system to postpone payment as long as possible; and we have known men, of substance and standing in society, from whom nothing could wring payment of their debts but the iron hand of the law. Such men give a world of unnecessary trouble, besides causing much vexation and annoyance. If, after twenty 'Not at home's,' 'Call again's,' &c. you obtain a settlement, you may deem yourself fortunate; if, however, double that number of journeys be inflicted on you, you must not be surprised.

There are others, again, who scrupulously respect the claims of justice—men of honour and integrity, who would not cheat you of a farthing, yet to whom giving is such a martyrdom, that you can scarcely draw a mite of money from them for the most clamant case of distress or the most useful public object. They seldom buy the smallest article without cheapening it; they must have the greatest possible amount of work for the least possible remuneration; and the little they do give, is done with a grudging reluctance, that shows what mental agony it costs them to part with their gold.

It is often curious to observe how some of those who feel most acutely the martyrdom of giving, yet awkwardly endeavour to hide it by an occasional effort at liberal things. How often, for instance, the most sordid man in the neighbourhood will be among the first to put his name to a subscription list, or yield to the offer of the chair at a public meeting, which has been made as an oblation to his vanity, though he knows that the honour must cost him a five-pound note! How he will contrive to worm his name among the gold-lettered list of benefactors that hangs up in the parish church, as though he had been one of the Oberlins or Howards of the human family! How often do such men seek to atone for a life of avarice and oppression by leaving an immense sum to some religious or benevolent society! If one action could make a char-

acter, if a princely legacy could atone for such a sordid life, such a deed might be called munificent; but the immense sums frequently left by such men only serve to prove how keenly they felt in their lifetime the martyrdom of giving, as men of more liberal spirit would have chosen rather to be their own executors, and not have allowed the first act of their liberality to be the last one of their life.

It is interesting also to notice what little things will sometimes develop this feeling of mental martyrdom in connection with giving. How the pretty and refined belle of the party, who never speaks of money but with indifference and contempt, and who sat down to the card-table with the greatest good temper and cheerfulness, strangely frowns and sullenly lours as she empties her purse to pay the envied winner! How the miserly master, who has for many a tedious month promised his faithful servant some token of his approbation, sends at last for him with all solemnity into the drawing-room, and presents him with a magnificent crown-piece, reminding him that it must not be considered as a precedent! How the fastidious, sensitive trifler, who hates nothing so much as the sight of poverty, except it be its appeals, beset by the clamorous beggar, at last to get rid of the annoyance, angrily flings him a halfpenny into the kennel! How the attentive hearer, who had apparently hung with the deepest interest upon the lips of the preacher, will rise immediately he discovers that the sermon is to be illustrated with 'plates,' and that the last appeal is the *argumentum ad crumenam*; and, wriggling his difficult way from the farther end of the crowded pew, hurriedly makes for the door, in the eyes of the whole congregation, in order to save his endangered shilling!

It is refreshing, however, to turn from the contemplation of such pictures of selfishness to others of liberality and disinterestedness, and which, we have faith enough in human nature to believe, are not so few nor so difficult to find as some imagine. In paying visits to the poor, I have often been agreeably surprised at the liberality and kindness displayed by the humbler orders towards each other. An instance or two may not be irrelevant. I was inquiring in a wretched alley one evening after two children, when, observing a very poor-looking man, I accosted him, and inquired if he knew what had become of them. He replied that they were in the union; that they had no friends to care for them, and that he had himself kept them for several weeks; but that he himself was very poor and his own family large, and therefore he was at last compelled, unwillingly, to consign them to public charity. On another occasion I paid a visit to a poor man who, with his wife and family, occupied merely a garret, and procured a miserable living by working up tin culinary utensils, and selling them in the street. I was leaving the room, when a wretched-looking girl, crouching by the fire, attracted my attention, and I asked the man if she were his daughter? 'No, sir,' said he; 'we know nothing of her, except that my wife found her sitting at a door one evening, and learning that she had been deserted by her parents, we took pity on her, and brought her here, and she has been with us several weeks, and we have succeeded also in getting her into a school.' Such instances of kindness and liberality do honour to human nature, and prove that, if giving be a martyrdom to some who have ample means, and exercise great influence, yet, on the other hand, the most noble sentiments may be united to the most ignoble condition, and those who have the least to give, may be the most liberal in disposing of it. Honour to the open-handed and liberal-hearted, who feel the truth of that Heaven descended saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and who, in their conduct, have the happy reflection that they are in this respect imitating Him who 'openeth his hand,' and is emphatically styled 'the Great Giver!'

A PEEP AT SOCIETY.

TAKEN BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Society, according to Johnson, means fraternity; refer to the letter F for fraternity, and you will find that it means society; so that strictly speaking society means nothing more nor less than that best of all compacts, a brotherly one. Look for society in the world, and you soon discover that it means anything but fraternity, and that poor human nature has chosen an inappropriate word to designate its mixings and political minglings with the every-day world.

Good society, in fashionable parlance, does not strictly mean a moral and instructive companionship with the highly gifted or good, but a clique surrounded by a barrier of titles or riches, deeply learned in escutcheons and the "Court Guide," and very particular about knowing only particular people; for none, according to the existing codes of good society, can by any possibility be admitted into the charmed circle, without having the hall-mark of the fashionable few. This rule is rarely departed from except in the case of a Lion; here the creature, either from fear or love, although plebeian, is admitted for a season to be stared at or stare, that he may lay a soft paw on his flatterers if he be literary, or autograph and sketch in the avalanche of albums if he be a painter.

Good or fashionable society admits of very little fraternity, as the word is understood by lexicographers, for the youth even of this society are never permitted to what is termed "come out," before they have by the aid of experienced tutors been fully instructed in the manners and habits of their seniors as to how to salute, smile, &c., in fact, come out little ready-made men and women; this freezing up of all the channels to the heart is called etiquette, which also teaches them to look upon the world as a show-room, through which they have to walk and talk according to the prescribed rules of their order, and above all never to allow this highly-polished mask to be disarranged before the multitude.

The lady of ton (ton means a certain number of people where there is no society) goes through with charming nonchalance the warmths of her friendship, which calls for a very little exertion of those vulgar things called feelings; a scented billet invites her to some dear friend's *soirée*; her amanuensis answers in acceptance, and she goes as late as she can on the appointed evening, when she crawls up a crowded staircase into a mobbed saloon, where she smiles most bewitchingly on her dear friend the hostess, who returns another equally charming smile as she receives her, quite delighted to see her so crushed and crowded, as it adds to the *clat* of her party. New arrivals thrust them asunder, and the lady guest departs with the determination to outshine her friend at her own approaching party by the number of her invitations, in hopes that they may not be able to get into her house, though they are sure all to get into the "Morning Post," where she would really rather see them than in her house, the fact being that they are only in the one that they may be in the other; with this amiable intention of rivalry she flits and smiles through a few more parties during the night, with exactly the same results, until, overcome with *ennui*, she seeks her pillow, delighted with the number of her invitations, meaning nothing.

The man of ton lives in nearly the same routine, slightly varied by unmeaning dinners, where he is invited to come as late as he can, to go away as soon as

he can, that he may attend the Opera and a few slight engagements where he really must just show himself, which gives his tiger time to turn his cab round and take him up again, that he may show himself somewhere else.

In the most serious, as well as the most trifling things, does the society of ton commit extraordinary acts of folly, with the air of sincerity: for a kind of tacit understanding seems to exist, that they shall appear to receive all as real which they know to be false. A female tonnist, for instance, is expected to be fully conversant with all the tricks of card depositing and morning calls, invented for the sole purpose of getting rid of the surplus time of the fair unemployed. She accordingly ensconces herself in her carriage if she intends to make personal calls, and bowls round to the doors of her intimates, for it is not her intention to go farther, at an hour when they are not visible, "or not at home," as the fashionable lie goes: here her show footman knocks, which is the principal thing in his education, makes sweet inquiries, receives the expected answer, leaves a card, mounts his perch and passes on to another and another, where he goes through the same forms, during which his mistress reads quietly the last new novel, as if perfectly unconscious of what the man was about. This game at "cards complimentary" is one of vital importance to the well-being of this kind of society; any lapse by any of its members, of the proper distribution at the proper time, would embroil them in some bitter feud, or in some cases, the expulsion from the much envied ranks of ton.

When a death occurs in this high and delightful society, the distressed members, to flatter the dear defunct as long as he or she remains above ground, send most punctiliously their servants, carriages, and horses, to mourn with becoming decorum in the procession to the grave. Everybody sees that this is an empty compliment in every sense, yet it is done that this world may see what a many carriages the body knew.

Notwithstanding the emptiness of all this, we find the next grade in the scale, "the little great people," waste their lives and sometimes their fortunes, in imitating it; the word "society" being constantly in their mouths, which means precisely all the foregoing. Not being so well defended from the approach of the mixed, they are dreadfully tenacious in their invitations, and indignant at a "one-horse person," claiming acquaintance with their "pair-horse" eminence: you must be out of business, or you are never in their lists, unless indeed you call yourself merchant, and no one ever saw your counting-house. They are troubled with a curious monomania, which makes them believe "that the middling class" is the one just below them. This number 2 ton apes in every way, much to the annoyance of number 1, its bowings and card leavings, ceremonious parties and coldnesses, and, in its struggles to reach the society above, passes a life of continued heart-burnings and disappointments.

The great mischief of all this ambition as to station in society falls most injuriously upon that class who, owning themselves the middling class,—men of business, &c.,—still strive vainly to place, as it were, one foot upon the step above them, and in the struggle often meet with a total overthrow, ruining themselves by attempting too much, and when done deceiving nobody; looking at the same time with a smile of derision upon their neighbours, for doing the very same thing in which they themselves so signally fail.

How many do we see who sacrifice all their domestic comfort, and eventually their prospects, in the foolish pursuit of society, believing most fondly that they are making hosts of friends, and that all the shaking of hands and after-dinner speeches are beautiful and affecting traits of friendship, and that the crowds who come and eat their dinners, and dance their wax-lights to a snuff, are their staunch friends! No such thing; friendship is not made to music; dining opens the mouth, not the heart; after-dinner affection is only a voice from the cellar; the people who swear eternal friendship over the dinner-table must not be called upon the next day to fulfil their promises. As long as people give good dinners and grand *soirées*, so long will they find a host of diners and dancers, who will have a great esteem for their feeding and their music, but, as to any personal esteem, they have no more than the pastry-cook who brings the supper, or the man who plays on the cornopean.

"I weeded my friends," said an old eccentric friend, "by hanging a piece of stair carpet out of my first floor window, with a broker's announcement affixed. 'Gad! it had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near a pigeon-house; they all forsook the building at the first report, and I have not had occasion to use the extra flaps of my dining-table since."

The ambition to outvie runs just as high in this grade as it does in the higher, and endless-ill-nature is produced by the constant collision of little petty rivalries. If the giver of a feast could only hear the remarks of the complimentary throng after they have left his roof, he would sell off his spoons and never give another party; for, after all his struggles for effect, which have been highly satisfactory to himself, the snarling spirit of criticism will seize upon his dear friends, as they discuss the evening's entertainment, in which they tear to pieces the whole concern. One kind friend, whose eyes glisten under the influence of escorting three consecutive young ladies down to supper and gallantly hobnobbing with the same, or anybody else whose eye he could catch, declares "That things was pretty well, but slow, very slow; and the champagne was decidedly not A 1: people should not give champagne without it was the best." He then, with exceeding drollery, descants upon the timidity of the servant when the corks flew out; but he excuses her, as he dares say he had never seen such a thing in the house before.

One old lady, who has been profuse in her thanks and her expressions of delight at the pleasantness of the evening, nods her head and shakes her flaxen false wig, as she whispers her convictions to another old tabby who goes shares with her in the fly for the evening, that "she saw spoons and forks with the Tomkins's initials, and some with the Wilkin's, which fully accounted for the quantity of plate, which puzzled her sadly as first, until she looked about a bit, and convinced herself and that by the merest accident in the world, she happened to lift the table cloth, when she discovered that they were obliged to eke out the length of the table with two, and yet she was sure they gave themselves the airs of nobility."

Young ladies, who have no time to lose in society, and who India-rubber their kid gloves from sheer necessity and continual parties, do their little spiteful things in the like amiable strain; wondering at the host pushing his daughter so forward, and making her sing such horrid Italian, scrambling over the keys as she does. These young ladies will be found to be clutching a roll of music *antid*, which had been deposited in the passage, and doomed never to make its appearance in the drawing-room! yet they smiled until the cabman shut the door, and, before they left, kissed the host's daughter twice in their enthusiasm.

In this grade we often meet with an individual, who, with the cunning of a fox, billets himself upon his friends, in all imaginable ways, during the preceding twelvemonths, and then asks all his victims to one unsupportable crush, where half his dear friends are in the passage or mixed up with the

fiddlers, or crammed into a corner from which it would be folly to move, as twenty are watching for a chance to occupy it, even under the penalty of being stunned by its close approximation to a vigorous cornopean.

The fox squeezes himself blandly about amidst the throng, smiling with un-mixed happiness, for he looks upon the half-stifled assemblage as so many good dinners, *soirees*, and quadrille parties, all to be settled, in the same unpleasant manner, in another twelvemonth, and the same people will be foolish enough to go through the precise thing again, and believe it is society.

There is a certain class of young gentlemen in society who are not unlike charwomen, who go out to help at parties,—that is, they are invited without being personally known, by being included in the invitations of those who are. Thus a person who wishes to astonish everybody, by letting them see what a host of good society he is intimate with, and having more than he can accommodate, sends an invitation to a dancing friend, which is an individual supposed only to do that kind of work, and never invited to the more substantial dinner parties, but is perfectly content to come in smiling with the coffee and muffins. At the bottom of the aforesaid note he writes—"Bring a quadrilling friend or two with you," which is accordingly done, who upon their entrance are introduced to our friend's friend, the host, who smiles, &c., &c., but without the slightest wish to become more intimately acquainted with them, and indeed he never remembers one from the other of those borrowed friends: this may perhaps be excusable, as nothing is more difficult, as they are a most extraordinary stereotyped set,—all wear polished boots, white waistcoats, white handkerchiefs, and very oily hair, without anything to say about anything, and nothing without dancing. These kind of automata make, upon an average, about one third of all evening parties; they are very easily detected by the initiated, for directly they are unmixed with a quadrille or a polka, they all run together in a lump like quicksilver, and are about as heavy.

Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, they have their little ambition, consisting of relations of how few nights they spend in bed during the dancing season, and their intimate knowledge of the best cornopeans in town; but if one can get a corroborated account of Jullien having actually spoken to him, he becomes paramount. They have also occasional glimpses of intellect, though of a perfectly personal nature, such as finding out who goes home their way, and if they have a fly, they take wine with them. If it should be a lady, old or ugly, they dance with her; this saves coach hire. To servants they seem known instinctively, for they never give any vails, therefore they treat them with neglect; this does not much affect them, as they never have more than a pair of goloshes, rolled up in a large worsted comforter, which they throw down in the passage anywhere, and a Highland cap in their pockets to keep the latch-key company: even this is called going a great deal into society. This specimen, in its old age, must be exceedingly curious, for I have never yet found out what it turns into. Many people feel flattered if by chance they are invited into society above them; their hearts flutter, and they talk loudly of their great friends, taking great care to blow the dust from the invitation card, which invariably floats like oil to the top of the less aristocratic ones in the card basket; they do indeed flatter themselves, for in nine cases out of ten they are invited because they are so efficient in a glee, or play quadrilles untiringly, or take a hand at cards on the shortest notice, and are victimised accordingly; they are put down in the family consultation with the musicians, waiters, and wax-lights, being in the same ratio necessary; in fact, like supernumeraries in a tableau at a theatre, they add to the crowd and effect.

Some poor victims, bitten, and labouring under the mania of party-giving and society-seeking, turn their houses, as it is not inappropriately called, out of doors; their little boxes being much too small for large parties, they have recourse to every contrivance to delude the people into the idea that the insides are mansions, although the outsides are only watch-boxes; this is done by marching the best bed-rooms into the garrets, and making the lumber room into a little *cafe*.

After the glorious evening is past, and their loving friends have departed, they have a week of decided uncomfortableness to get things into their legitimate situations; as the same time not having deluded one single individual of their many friends, who, with all their pretended blindness and admiration, knew that they were taking coffee and ices in the lumber-room beautified, and supping in the bed-rooms transmogrified. Then what avails all this self-deception! do they get one friend more, or do they spend a pleasant evening? Quite the reverse, the trouble is much, and the pleasure is little; and how strange but true is it, that in after-life, when all these dancing days are over, we find so few around our hearths, that we have selected and who have selected us, who seeks us for ourselves alone, and do not take their hearts with their hats when the *fete* is over. The first is only like the effervescence of the wine that evaporates, and leaves behind the noble spirit to cheer our hearts when we need it.

Society, or what is called so, is unreal. As with the old shepherd who found a magic reed upon one of his sheep-paths, and fashioned it into a simple pipe, and who, upon playing it, found himself surrounded by the good people or fairies, who rushed hither and thither with delight as he drew forth his lively strains from the magic instrument, and greeted him with every show of love and affection: the simple shepherd flattered himself that his fortune was now made for certain, and that his little powerful acquaintance would continually throw the lucky penny in his path; so he made bold, and drew his pipe from his mouth to tell them his wants; but lo! the moment the instrument left his lips they all became invisible. He accordingly resumed his tune with fresh vigour, and instantly they were all dancing before him as if they had never left off; he endeavoured again and again, but unavailingly, to get in one word for himself, but the moment he did so, and ceased his exertions in their favour, they were no longer to be seen.

So it is with the world of great as well as little people in society, they vanish when you cease to play.

THE FAWN OF SERTORIUS.

The exploits and character of Sertorius are one of the episodes of Roman history over which a good deal of obscurity hangs, both from the absence of all contemporary or authoritative accounts of his story, and from a probable dash of mysticism or imposture in the man himself. An officer of Marius, though a humane one, Sertorius was prescribed by Sylla, and fled for safety into Spain with a very scanty force. There he displayed such powers of persuasion or intrigue, that a considerable portion of the inhabitants were won over to his cause: his administrative talents were sufficient to set up a government in imitation of the Roman, to establish schools for the natives, and to give an air of civilization to the country under his rule: his military abilities were so great as to hold in check both Metellus and Pompey. With a questionable kind of artifice, he played upon the superstition of the people; being followed by a white hind which he had tamed and by means of which he pretended to hold communion with the gods. Measured by his success, his reputation would seem to be overrated.

He could harass the Roman armies, and sometimes defeat them; but he could not bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. The example of Napoleon's Spanish invasion shows how much may be done in Spain to retard conquest without anything beyond guerrilla abilities; and though the testimony of antiquity is in favour of the high military merit of Sertorius, it is possible that the main source of his success was a skillful use of the nature of the country, as contained in the celebrated dictum of Henri Quatre, "In Spain a small army must be beaten and a large one starved." According to the accounts preserved of him, (but after his murder it was convenient to party to blacken his character,) his mind would seem to have been ill balanced; for he is said to have latterly become luxurious, oppressive, and cruel. Whether from jealousy, disgust, or a political conspiracy hatched at Rome, Perpenna, one of his officers, conspired against him, and with his brother traitors murdered Sertorius at a banquet, 73 years before Christ. If Perpenna was really employed by a party in the Senate, he was ill cared for: he fell into the hands of Pompey, and the great opponent of Sertorius put the assassin to death.

Such is an outline of the subject of *The Fawn of Sertorius*; and the author has treated it with a freedom allowable if not judicious, where the recorded facts may be true so far as they go, but the student suspends his judgment for want of fuller knowledge. In an introductory chapter of great literary merit, the author professes to tell a story of the work; and represents it as having been compiled by an Italian antiquary, Giraldo Cornacchini, from the lost "Life of Quintus Sertorius by Caius Oppius," a contemporary. The manuscript was discovered by Giraldo in a library; being conscientious after his own fashion, he would not appropriate it, or even copy it; but having ambition, he framed out of it this work, part history, part romance, part antiquarian and philosophical disquisition. Giraldo's manuscript was intrusted to a friend for safety and revision: on its publication the locality of the newly discovered "Life of Sertorius" by the friend of Cæsar was to have been pointed out; but the antiquarian died suddenly, carrying his secret with him; and the world probably will never learn more of its contents than they may gain from *The Fawn of Sertorius*.

This introductory chapter is neither encumbering nor out of place; but it was scarcely needed. The historical deviations of the author are rather those of view than of fact. Not seeing the circumstances that might explain the successes above alluded to, and allowing the enthusiast's admiration of his hero to run away with him, the writer elevates the character of Sertorius too high, placing him on a level with Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, if not above them: he also throws the gorgeous hues of a rhetorical imagination over the condition of Spain and the prospects of Sertorius; but beyond this there are no alternatives save those allowable in fiction. The character of Perpenna stands out more conspicuously than in history, but chiefly for its peculiar individuality. He is drawn a sort of malignant Wharton—as a private and public profligate, with the wit, the accomplishments, the readiness, but the want of industry and power of work, which defeat the efforts of such men when steadily opposed, if indeed their flashy character does not cause their abilities to be overrated by mankind, and certainly by writers of romance. The other chief historical conspirator, Manlius, is assumed to be instigated by public umbrage and private jealousy. Manlius has protected Vergilia, the daughter of a Spanish King; an attachment springs up between them; which, chilled by the Roman haughtiness and patrician insolence of Manlius, is transferred to Sertorius as reverently as if he were a superior being. Orcelis, the King of Osca, and his daughter Myrtilis, also secretly loving Sertorius, are skillful through peculiar creations, but obviously pertaining to fiction. The introduction of the Fawn as the real messenger of Destiny is still more belonging to romance. The atheistical and treacherous Pontifex Maximus Ahala, who in conjunction with Perpenna strives to poison Sertorius, but poisons his own children and then himself, also forms a striking episode; but one whose effect, like that of the whole book, is quite independent of any historical authority.

Many and great faults as well as merits, may be found in *The Fawn of Sertorius*. The mould in which the writer casts his entire work is highly artificial, not to say unnatural; you always perceive the workman. The style is too brilliantly rhetorical for a good taste; and though the author's vigor of composition keeps him from the stilted, he frequently seems striving to "be tall by walking on tiptoe." There is throughout a too visible straining after effect; truth is ever sacrificed to point when they come in opposition; and you frequently detect that theatrical spirit in the manner of presenting things which vitiates the whole works of Bulwer. In spite of all this, *The Fawn of Sertorius* is a remarkable book; distinguished by great vigor of conception, and alternate force and delicacy of execution. The view of the historical episode of Sertorius we believe to be exaggerated, and the same remark may be applied to the embodiment; but the author has a considerable knowledge of Roman history and Roman antiquities, as well in their spirit as in their forms. Elevation, thought, satire, and philosophy, (of the French school,) abound in the various disquisitional conversations which are scattered through the volumes; and pointed but not hard or bitter sarcasm exists in the sketches of character,—especially of Setubal, the just man, who never harasses a tenant or creditor—who has nothing left. The introduction and character of the Fawn (for she has an individuality) are also conceived and executed with felicity and delicacy; and the various pictures and incidents connected with her—as the natural temple of Destiny—the wild landscape by which it is approached—the fortunes of Spanus the peasant, who finds the Fawn, when rushing desperately into the presence of the dread goddess of Destiny, and conveys her to Sertorius—the different appearances and conduct of the Fawn herself, as well as several incidents connected with her appearance—all either relieve or elevate the historical and philosophical tones of the work.

The peculiar character of the book renders partial extracts an indifferent way of exhibiting its quality. We will, however, take a few passages that will bear separate display. Here is the death of the Fawn at the banquet where Sertorius is subsequently assassinated; the warning arrival of the animal interrupting the preparations for his own death.

Loud as were these brawlers, they became sometimes silent. In such intervals, Sertorius heard the whispers of Perpenna impatiently questioning his slaves with such words as these—"Are they gone? Who remains? Try to send them away." In the position which he occupied, gestures of approval or suppression among the guests, and eager glances transmitted from face to face, could be observed but imperfectly by him. To Versius, his secretary, they are apparent, but unintelligible. He sees that, except the flushed and swollen countenance of Antonius, every other has continued to grow paler, unless the lamps above it have grown brighter. Nor can their white effulgence, reflected from so much burnished silver and polished marble, account for such restless looks of expectation, or uneasy voices.

"At last, after a moment's pause, as if to collect breath and resolution, Perpenna raised from the table, by its two handles, a large cup already full, exclaiming with hurried and unusual loudness, 'I make this libation to the manes of

Caius Marius!" The words were hardly ended, and the wine remained yet unspilt, when still louder cries resounded from the vestibule—"Strike her! Stop her! Stand from her! Let her pass!" At the same instant the guests arose, the drinking-vessels were scattered about the table, and the Fawn, precipitating herself among the lights, fell into her master's arms. The same rush carried with it a short javelin, which had pierced her flank and sprinkled blood among the wine. Sertorius pressed the gentle creature to his breast, and by sustaining the dart, tried to diminish its agonies. They lasted but for a moment. His gift from Destiny crept closer and still closer into his bosom; then, shuddering and sobbing convulsively once or twice, closed its eyes and expired. Alas, gentleness and fidelity! Love prescient of death! A sacrifice to the cruel made in vain! The javelin fell from its wound, and was grasped by the right hand of Sertorius. He raised furiously that voice which had been heard so often above the tumult of battle, commanding his attendants to seize the murderer. A crowd of slaves, guards, lictors, torch-bearers, and other dependants, had followed the Fawn, and filled the banquetting-room."

The anger of one part of the army, the confusion of the other, and the incapacity of the conspirators to control the tempest they had raised, are painted with historical power; but they require too much space. We will take instead the funeral rites of Sertorius.

"The banquetting-hall was found by the centurion much as it had been left ten or eleven hours before. Nothing was new excepting that ghastly and irreconcilable mixture of daylight and lamplight which is more hateful than darkness. Some few lamps were unextinguished still. Vessels half full—drinking cups overturned—daggers encrusted with gore, both blade and hilt—chaplets broken, withered, and trampled upon, were scattered about the pavement. Though they were together, the wine still liquid and the blood congealed could not unite. Perpenna's slaves, familiar with sights of cruelty and debauchery, had nevertheless fled the place. Two or three senatorian robes, lying upon the couches, showed that others beside these had not dared to look at a countenance again, the distant remembrance of which was feared in Rome by the proudest and the bravest there. No more than one attendant remained to watch its composure, and still fancy that there was a smile upon its lips. The old lictor kept his place.

"Perpenna committed one more error in retaining his colleague's body so long. Bewildered as he was by a hundred cares, this should have been despatched the first. Again did he suffer through the absence of Manlius, whose greater circumspection would have evaded such a disclosure before the sun, as those bloody wounds, and torn garments, and uprooted hairs. The thirst for revenge grew inextinguishable, as the bier was carried out, and passed slowly through both camps. From that hour, not one follower was added to the fortunes of Perpenna. He mounted his horse, and overtook his legions; but the execrations from many thousand lips pursued him—the contemptuous abhorrence of all future ages—and closer behind than these, the wrath of Destiny.

"Many of the oldest soldiers who had followed their general cheerfully and hopefully during the last nine years, never knew till now how greatly they had loved him. Eyes familiar with slaughter, at the sight of his, shed tears; and cheeks which had hitherto glowed brightly in his presence, and blushed proudly at his praises, were now ghastly as his own. That no tumult might disturb the sanctity of its repose, the body was deposited in the augurale. There, too, where Torquatus and Aquileius had expired, on the highest step, at the foot of Diana's statue, lay his Fawn.

"A funeral pile was erected in the principia, requiring so much of the sacred space that many other beside the nearest tents were swept away. Its foundations consisted of huge beams crossing each other, their ends carefully concealed and decorated by lattice-work. As the building ascended stage by stage, still lighter materials, placed in the same manner though further apart, gave space for air, as well as for innumerable vessels filled with oil, gum, resin, and fragrant kinds of bark. The pile consisted of three stories, narrowing like three gigantic steps, and the highest was surmounted by an altar in size proportionable to them. A platform, extending round all four fronts, and sufficient for the standing-room of many hundred persons, was afforded on each stage by the retrocession or diminution in the one above. That on which the couch or altar rested was adorned with arms disposed as trophies, crimson banners suspended from spears, and all those other ornaments which soldiers value the most. Under these were accumulated nard, stacte, cassia, myrrh, and incense, hitherto provided only for the gods.

"What had not been designed or foreseen was added by the soldiers. Four whole legions, collecting their spears, thrust them as fuel beneath the last resting-place which their general would occupy; and then, fiercely demanding that the eagles and other standards of especial sanctity should be produced, they planted them in the same order upon the pile as formerly upon the tribunal. This strange sign was an intimation that neither would their ensigns be surrendered to Metellus nor their arms be employed under the authority of any new commander. "We devote them," said they, "unconquered, to the gods."

"The sun was approaching the horizon; the preparations were complete; the senators and subordinate generals were standing on that high stage of the pile nearest to its summit, the legates, ambassadors, tribunes, priests, and Oscan nobles on the next. The lowest and largest platform was crowded by freedmen, now without a patron, clients, commissioners, personal attendants, the civil servants and followers of this great war. The soldiers and subordinate officers of both nations covered the ground, from which every tent or other obstruction had been dismissed. High officers, nearest the general, whether in dignity or confidence, claimed the right to carry his bier and place it above the pile. This was a distinction which hundreds there would have purchased gladly with their lives. Those to whom it was assigned had spared neither cost nor care in augmenting its magnificence. Sertorius lay upon a couch, now pressed by him for the first time, which had been sent, among other similar presents, from Mithridates. Round the body, to retain its ashes, was that customary garment of asbestos which could not be consumed. The external covering was his own paludamentum, a gorgeously embroidered robe of crimson, purple, and gold. Above his head shone twelve legionary eagles, grasping thunderbolts in their talons. And, white as ever, though every limb was stiffened by death, luminously white still, on her old resting-place, on her master's bosom, lay the Fawn.

"As the sun sets, clarions, reserved for no other use than the ceremony of death, utter their shrill and mournful wail; the senators, lieutenants, legates, and other subordinate officers, are the last who reach the ground; the oldest and most distinguished soldiers, selected from every legion, march three times round the pile; and at the louder repetition of that piercing blast, a hundred torches are applied; every man near enough throws some offering toward the dead, and the flames ascend."

The punishment of the murder is so managed as to follow immediately upon its heels. Pompey advances; the troops refuse to fight, or they join the Pro-

consular army; Osca is occupied; and the conspirators are all arrested, except Manlius, who has been seized and chained by order of the Princess Myrtilis. Pompey has ascended the tribunal, and sent for the assassins.

"When Perpenna passed, accompanied by five of his associates, there was hardly an imprecation or a murmur; for public abhorrence extended beyond the criminals to the judge. Robed as senators, they walked with four of the proconsular lictors before them, and four behind. These officials seemed to have anticipated the sentence, by turning the edge of their axes the way they went and came. All night had the centurion Rhæcius, in the fulfilment of his vow to Myrtilis, watched fasting near Perpenna's prætorium. He walks now by his side as if he had been sent to conduct him. A slave is also there, who carries the scrinium—the cylindrical coffer or casket, which Versius should have burnt.

"Perpenna retained greater composure than most of his confederates, by remembering his birth and forgetting his offences. There was hope yet. The last of those crimes had accomplished for the welfare of Pompeius more than all his skill and all his legions. Mæcenas was pale and sick. Torquitus and Fabius Hispaniensis whispered angrily to each other, as if accusing and retorting. Antonius was by turns fierce, contemptuous, turbulent, and jocular. He struck a lictor for having trodden not on but too near his foot; and he recommended that Fabius and Torquitus should suspend their dispute till supper-time. Death had been studied by Aufidius as an epicurean, imitated as a tragedian, inflicted as an assassin, and yet now he appears not less amazed at its proximity than if the very name were new. His terrors were so contemptible as to provoke mirth.

"Pompeius was younger than any one of the five senators who stood before him. Yet the marble image of Justice would have betrayed as much emotion. With a loud, not an elevated voice, he arraigned Perpenna and his associates as enemies of the Republic who had appeared in arms against her authority so late as yesterday. When Perpenna replied, his calmness gave some dignity even to falsehood. "I have released Rome and her Senate," said he, "from the threats of worse than Carthaginian vengeance, Pompeius and Metellus from the most dangerous of their enemies. Italy is now safe. The Republic and those who exercise her authority, sparing a too scrupulous inquisition either into the motives or the instruments, should rest content. If it be desirable to distinguish between friends and enemies, to repress mischievous ambition once more and to punish criminals before they strike, I can render other services greater even than the last." He then commanded his slave to raise the scrinium which he had carried, and place it at the Proconsul's feet. "It contains epistles from many of those allies whom Rome has most trusted; from many of those prætors and proconsuls on whose fidelity she has confided the richest of her provinces; and half the noble houses of the Republic have contributed to the correspondence with Sertorius. He who retains this chest will find himself stronger than the Senate. With so many proofs of treason in his hands, he may punish or silence whom he will."

"Pompeius started, his face was flushed. After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "How shall I ascertain the truth of what I hear? By whom have these epistles been read?" Perpenna replied, that the few hours during which they had been in his possession afforded no sufficient leisure for much research; that he and his secretary, Mæcenas, had been able to examine little else besides some signatures and superscriptions; and that the scrinium had been forcibly taken from Versius the secretary of Sertorius by the quæstor Manlius. Versius confirmed that part of the narrative which related to himself. "It was a correspondence conducted by Sertorius without his assistance. He had no knowledge of any thing farther than that, if sufficient time had been allowed him, it was his duty to have destroyed the chest."

"As soon as Pompeius had ascertained that even the signatures were unknown to every other person beside Perpenna and Mæcenas, he resumed his composure, and with two words, *percursum recutit*, condemned them both to death. Perpenna stared incredulously at their abruptness. Antonius laughed: "We may be as short with our creditors," said he. "The pontifex maximus promised that he would be responsible for us to Jupiter. But why should Mæcenas go before a senator? he seems to be in no great haste."

"Take the second place, then," said Pompeius; and, by a slight movement of impatience, signified to the lictors that they must despatch. They conducted the condemned to that part of the principia, a little farther back than the tribunal, where Ahala had uttered his imprecations and Perpenna had confirmed them not because it was most remote from their master's sight, but because it was least likely to distract his attention.

"When the Prætor's consciousness had returned, he found himself upon the ashes of his colleague's funeral pile. Close in front stood that desecrated altar at which he and Ahala mingled poison with perjury. The six lictors of Sertorius sat upon its steps, and were employed in unbinding their faces that they might break them red by red. To the proconsular ministers of Justice there was something awful, if not impious, in striking at one whose office was so majestic as Perpenna's. More than this dissolving army had been commanded by him; he too had been preceded by his lictors. Fearing to lay their hands on a prætor, the duty would have been gladly resigned by each of them to his fellows. They were pleased and relieved, therefore, when one of the Sertorian lictors claimed this privilege from them, rather as a right than a favour. He was the oldest, he said, by twenty years.

"Perpenna's eyes were upon the altar. One of the spectators exclaimed, that 'As the prætor and the quæstor had succeeded to the estate left them by Sertorius, they too should appoint their heirs.' This insult was resented by the centurion Rhæcius. He waited there till his promise had been accomplished, but he demanded from Justice no more than death. The offender was stricken by him to the dust. Antonius seized and shook the centurion's hand. "Bid these slaves begin with me," said he: "perhaps Perpenna will follow, like a shy horse into a ferry-boat, if another goes first." A half-burnt beam was dragged to the altar-steps. The axe glittered in the air, and a head rolled among the ashes. While Perpenna struggled and exclaimed, "Somewhere else! in another place!" he was forced upon his knees. Mæcenas, who had not uttered one word, submitted either patiently or unconsciously. "I closed my master's eyes, and I watched his body in their banquetting-hall," exclaimed the lictor, "but now my recompense comes earlier than I had hoped."

CURIOUS WORKS OF ART.

Much skill and perseverance have been exhibited by the ingenious in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportions with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger rings; a dinner set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel nut; a coach and four enclosed in a cherry stone. Many of these might well be regarded as the result of ingenious trifling, were it not that every exercise of me-

chanical skill and clever manipulation, though not of itself applicable to any practical purpose, is yet furthering the progress of art, by training the hand to perfection, and leading the hand to new, and it may be, more useful conceptions. Under this impression, we mean to present our young friends with a few illustrations of tiny mechanism, contrasting them with the infinitely more minute and wonderful organizations of the natural world. If the former can stimulate to imitative skill and industry, the latter may excite wonder and reflection, and thus lead to the study of one of the most interesting and instructive departments of creation.

Among the ancients, the ingenious seem to have gained a wonderful degree of expertness at this species of fabrication. Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole *Iliad* of Homer written in so fine a character that it could be contained in a nut shell; and Ælian speaks of one Myrmecides, a Milesian, and of Callicrates, a Lacedæmonian, the first of whom made an ivory chariot so small and so delicately framed, that a fly with its wings could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of these artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in a rind of a grain of corn.

The tomb of Confucius, a miniature model of Chinese workmanship, is considered as the most elaborate, costly and beautiful specimen of Oriental ingenuity ever imported into Europe. It is chiefly composed of the precious metals and adorned with a profusion of gems; but its chief value consists of the labour expended on its execution. Its landscapes, dragons, angels, animals, and human figures, would require several pages of description, which after all, would, without a view of the model, prove tedious and unintelligible. The late Mr. Cox of London declared it to be one of the most extraordinary productions of art he ever beheld, and that he could not undertake to make one like it for less than £1,500.

Among the many works of art projected by the monks and nuns of ecclesiastical establishments, none have been so much admired as their fonts, real and in model. On these were often lavished vast sums, and all the ingenuity which the sculptor, carver, or worker in metal can command. The font of Raphael has long been known and admired; that executed by Acavala in 1562, and presented by an emperor of Germany to Philip II. of Spain, may be considered, however, as the most elaborate of such performances. The model is contained in a case of wrought gold, and is itself of box-wood. The general design may be regarded as architectural, embellished with several compartments of sculpture or of carving, consisting of various groups of figures in alto and basso relievos. These display different events in the life of Christ, from the Annunciation to his Crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The groups are disposed in panels and niches on the outside, and in different recesses within. Some of the figures are less than a quarter of an inch in height; but though thus minute, are all finished with the greatest precision and skill; and what renders this execution still more curious and admirable, is the delicacy and beauty with which the back and distant figures and objects are executed. Though only twelve inches in height and from half an inch to four inches in diameter, it is adorned with various architectural ornaments, in the richest style of Gothic, and also figures of the Virgin and child, a pelican with its young, six lions in different attitudes, several inscriptions, and several compositions in basso and alto relieve. The work is said to be of unrivalled merit and beauty, and will bear the most microscopic inspection. It was offered for sale in England, about thirty years ago; but we are ignorant of its after-destination.

In the Annual Register for 1761, it is stated that Mr. Arnold, a watchmaker in London, had the honor to present his majesty, George III., with a curious repeating watch, of his own construction, set in a ring. Its size was something less than a silver twopence; and it contained one hundred and twenty-five different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights and seven grains. This species of mechanism, however, is by no means uncommon; the emperor Charles V., as well as James I., of England, are said to have had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and watches, a little larger perhaps, are not unfrequently set in ladies' bracelets. In Kirby's 'Wonderful Museum,' notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand (1745), in which were shown among other things, the following curiosities:—1st, The furniture of a dining room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting—the whole capable of being enclosed in a cherry stone; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two postillions, a driver, and six horses—the whole fully mounted and habited, and drawn by a flea; and 3d, a four wheel, open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one grain. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea table, fully equipped, with urn, tea pot, cups, saucers, &c., the whole being contained in a Barcelona filbert shell.

In 1828, a mechanic in Plymouth, completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty ninth part of grain. The cannon had bore and touch hole complete, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, and could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying glass. In the Mechanics' Magazine, for 1845, mention is made of a high pressure steam engine—the production of a watchmaker who occupies a stand at the Polytechnic Institution—so small, that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare! 'It is,' says our authority, 'the most curious specimen of minute workmanship ever seen, each part being made according to scale, and the whole occupying so small a space, that with the exception of the fly wheel, it might be covered with a thimble. It is not simply a model outwardly; it works with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure (in lieu of steam); and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen labouring and heaving under the influence, is indescribably curious and beautiful.'

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

Edited by her Niece. Vol. VI. Colburn.

Works of this class are amongst the liveliest illustrations of the period and places to which they refer:—nor, in such respect, is the present volume a whit inferior to those which have preceded it. It occupies an interval of nineteen years—from 1793 to 1812; and contains, among other things, some anecdotes of the English and French Courts, which, in their way, are even of historical value. We shall begin, however, with matter purely literary.

Madame D'Arblay had at one and the same time committed two indiscretions: married, and written a tragedy—"Edwy and Elgiva." Of the latter she gives what she calls the following "short history," in a letter to Mrs.——.

"I wrote it not, as your acquaintances imagined, for the stage, nor yet for the press. I began it at Kew Palace, and, at odd moments, I finished it at Windsor; without the least idea of any species of publication. Since I left

the royal household, I ventured to let it be read by my father, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, my sister Philips, and, of course, M. d'Arblay, and not another human being. Their opinions led to what followed; and my brother, Dr. Charles, showed it to Mr. Kemble while I was on my visit to my father last October. He instantly and warmly pronounced for its acceptance; but I knew not when Mr. Sheridan would see it, and had not the smallest expectation of its appearing this year. However, just three days before my beloved little infant came into the world, an express arrived from my brother, that Mr. Kemble wanted the tragedy immediately, in order to show it to Mr. Sheridan, who had just heard of it, and had spoken in the most flattering terms of his good will for its reception. Still, however, I was in doubt of its actual acceptance till three weeks after my confinement, when I had a visit from my brother, who told me he was, the next morning, to read the piece in the green room. This was a precipitate for which I was every way unprepared, as I had never made but one copy of the play, and had intended divers corrections and alterations. Absorbed, however, by my new charge, and then growing ill, I had a sort of indifference about the matter, which, in fact, has lasted ever since. The moment I was then able to hold a pen I wrote two short letters, to acknowledge the state of the affair to my sisters; and to one of these epistles I had an immediate laughing answer, informing me my confidence was somewhat of the latest, as the subject of it was already in all the newspapers! I was extremely chagrined at this intelligence; but, from that time, thought it all too late to be the herald of my own designs. And this, added to my natural and incurable dislike to enter upon these egotistical details unasked, has caused my silence to my dear M——, and to every friend I possess. Indeed, speedily after, I had an illness so severe and so dangerous, that for full seven weeks the tragedy was neither named nor thought of by M. d'Arblay or myself. The piece was represented to the utmost disadvantage, save only Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble; for it was not written with any idea of the stage, and my illness and weakness and constant absorbment, at the time of its preparation, occasioned it to appear with so many undramatic effects, from my inexperience of theatrical requisites and demands, that, when I saw it, I myself perceived a thousand things I wished to change. The performers, too, cruelly imperfect, and made blunders I blush to have pass for mine,—added to what belong to me. The most important character after the hero and heroine, had but two lines of his part by heart! He made all the rest at random, and such nonsense as put all the other actors out as much as himself: so that a more wretched performance, except Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble and Mr. Bensley, could not be exhibited in a barn."

Such have too frequently been the miserable relations between author and actor:—the actor seldom producing a new play but to serve some temporary and personal purpose. Madame D'Arblay seems, however, to have taken her disappointment with good temper,—and, indeed, to have been more regardful of her infant than of her drama. But the latter excited Mr. Cumberland to some interest in its fate, according to Dr. Burney; who writes to the authoress that.

"Mr. Cumberland expressed his sorrow at what had happened at Drury Lane, and said that, if he had had the honour of knowing you sufficiently, he would have told you *d'avance* what would happen, by what he had heard behind the scenes. The players seem to have given the play an ill name. But he says, if you would go to work again, by reforming this: or work with your best powers at a new plan, and would submit it to his inspection, he would, from the experience he has had, risk his life on its success. This conversation I thought too curious not to be mentioned."

With her *grand ouvrage*, 'Camilla,'—which she began about the same period,—Madame D'Arblay was more successful. This work was published, partly by subscription, in 1796;—the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Lock kindly keeping lists and receiving the names of subscribers. The book was dedicated to the Queen. The following extracts describe some particulars attending the presentation of the first copy to her Majesty, at Windsor. At this distance of time, and in an age of mental activity like the present, there is something amusing in the triviality and self-importance of some of these records:—

"The Queen was in her dressing-room, and with only the Princess Elizabeth. Her reception was the most gracious imaginable; yet, when she saw my emotion in thus meeting her again, she was herself by no means quite unmoved. I presented my little—yet not small—offering, upon one knee, placing them, as she directed, upon a table by her side, and expressing, as well as I could, my devoted gratitude for her invariable goodness to me. She then began a conversation, in her old style, upon various things and people, with all her former graciousness of manner, which soon, as she perceived my strong sense of her indulgence, grew into even all its former kindness. Particulars I have now no room for; but, when, in about half an hour, she said, 'How long do you intend to stay here, Madame d'Arblay?' and I answered, 'We have no intentions, ma'am,' she repeated, laughing, 'You have no intentions!—Well, then, if you can come again to-morrow morning, you shall see the Princesses.' She then said she would not detain me at present; and, encouraged by all that had passed, I asked if I might presume to put at the King's apartment a copy of my little work. She hesitated, but with smiles the most propitious; then told me to fetch the books; and whispered something to the Princess Elizabeth, who left the room by another door at the same moment that I retired for the other set. Almost immediately upon my return to the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, the King entered the apartment, and entered it to receive himself my little offering. 'Madame d'Arblay,' said her Majesty, 'tells me that Mrs. Boscawen is to have the third set; but the first—your Majesty will excuse me—is mine.' This was not, you will believe, thrown away upon me. The King, smiling, said, 'Mrs. Boscawen, I hear, has been very zealous.' I confirmed this, and the Princess Elizabeth eagerly called out, 'Yes, Sir! and while Mr. Boscawen kept a book for Madame d'Arblay, the Duchess of Beaufort kept one for Mrs. Boscawen.' This led to a little discourse upon the business, in which the King's countenance seemed to speak a benign interest; and the Queen then said, 'This book was begun here, Sir,' which already I had mentioned. 'And what did you write of it here?' cried he. 'How far did you go?—Did you finish any part; or only form the skeleton?' 'Just that, Sir,' I answered; 'the skeleton was formed here, but nothing was completed. I worked it up in my little cottage.' 'And about what time did you give to it?' 'All my time, Sir; from the period I planned publishing it I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode but a little baby.'

My subject grew upon me, and increased my materials to a bulk that I am afraid will be more laborious to wade through for the reader than for the writer. 'Are you much frightened?' cried he smiling; 'as much frightened as you were before?' 'I have hardly had time to know yet, Sir. I received the fair sheets of the last volume only last night. I have, therefore, had no leisure for fear. And sure I am, happen what may to the book from the critics, it can never cause me pain in any proportion with the pleasure and happiness I owe

to it.' I am sure I spoke most sincerely, and he looked kindly to believe me. He asked if Mr. Lock had seen it; and when I said no, seemed comically pleased, as if desirous to have it in its first state. He asked next if Dr. Burney had overlooked it; and, upon the same answer, looked with the same satisfaction. He did not imagine how it would have passed current with my dearest father; he appeared only to be glad it would be a genuine work; but, laughingly, said, 'So you kept it quite snug?' 'Not intentionally, Sir, but from my situation and my haste; I should else have been very happy to have consulted my father and Mr. Lock; but I had so much, to the last moment, to write, that I literally had not a moment to hear what could be said. The work is longer by the whole fifth volume than I had first planned; and I am almost ashamed to look at its size, and afraid my readers would have been more obliged to me if I had left so much out than for putting so much in.' He laughed; and inquired who corrected my proofs. 'Only myself,' I answered. 'Why some authors have told me,' cried he, 'that they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well by heart what ought to be, that they run on without seeing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work; and that the livelier the imagination the less it should be trusted to.'

In a subsequent interview with the Queen on the following day,—

"She conversed upon various public and general topics till the friseur was dismissed, and then I was honoured with an audience, quite alone, for a full hour and a half. In this, nothing could be more gracious than her whole manner and discourse. The particulars, as there was no pause, would fill a duodecimo volume at least. Among them was Mr. Windham, whom she named with great favour; and gave me the opportunity of expressing my delight upon his belonging to the Government. We had so often conversed about him during the accounts I had related of Mr. Hastings's trial, that there was much to say upon the acquisition to the administration, and my former round assertions of his goodness of heart and honour. She inquired how you did, my dearest father, with an air of great kindness; and, when I said well, looked pleased, as she answered, 'I was afraid he was ill, for I saw him but twice last year at our music.' She then gave me an account of the removal of the concert to the Haymarket since the time I was admitted to it. She talked of some books and authors, but found me wholly in the clouds as to all that is new. She then said, 'What a very pretty book Dr. Burney has brought out upon Metastasio! I am very much pleased with it. Pray (smiling) what will he bring out next?' 'As yet, Madam, I don't know of any new plan.' 'But he will bring out something else?' 'Most probably; but he will rest a little first, I fancy.' 'Has he nothing in hand?' 'Not that I now know of, Madam.' 'O, but he soon will!' cried she again, smiling. 'He has so active a mind, Ma'am, that I believe it quite impossible to him to be utterly idle; but, indeed, I know of no present design being positively formed.' * * * Just before we assembled to dinner, Mlle. Jacobi desired to speak with me alone, and, taking me to another room, presented me with a folded little packet, saying, 'The Queen ordered me to put this into your hands, and said, "Tell Madame d'Arblay it is from us both." It was an hundred guineas. I was confounded, and nearly sorry, so little was such a mark of their goodness in my thoughts. She added that the King, as soon as he came from the chapel in the morning, went to the Queen's dressing-room just before he set out for the levee, and put into her hands fifty guineas, saying, 'This is for my set.' The Queen answered, 'I shall do exactly the same for mine,' and made up the packet herself. 'Tis only, she said, for the paper, tell Madame d'Arblay—nothing for the trouble!' meaning she accepted that."

The sale of 'Camilla' was highly satisfactory, notwithstanding the verbal criticism to which it was subjected in the *Monthly Review* :—

"The reviews," said Madame d'Arblay, "however, as they have not made, will not, I trust, mar me. 'Evelina' made its way all by itself; it was well spoken of, indeed, in all the reviews, compared with general novels, but it was undistinguished by any quotation, and only put in the monthly catalogue, and only allowed a short single paragraph. It was circulated only by the general public, till it reached, through that unbiassed medium, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, and thence it wanted no patron. Works of this kind are judged always by the many; works of science, history and philosophy, voyages and travels, and poetry, frequently owe their fate to the sentiments of the first critics who brand or extol them. Miss Cambridge asked me, early, if I should not take some care about the reviews? 'No,' I said, 'none. There are two species of composition which may nearly brave them—politics and novels; for these will be sought and will be judged by the various multitude, not the fastidious few. With the latter, indeed, they may be aided or injured, by criticism, but it will not stop their being read, though it may prejudice their readers. They want no recommendation for being handed about but that of being new, and they frequently become established, or sunk into oblivion, before that high literary tribunal has brought them to a trial.' She laughed at my composure; but, though I am a good deal chagrined, it is not broken. If I had begun by such a perusal I might, indeed, have been disturbed, but it has succeeded to so much solace and encouragement that it cannot penetrate deeply."

This correspondence contains some interesting guessing as to the author of 'The Pursuits of Literature'; and also some description of the funeral of Mr. Burke,—to whose character both Dr. Burney and his daughter do justice, notwithstanding their strong partizanship for Mr. Warren Hastings. Dr. Burney's interview with Herschel—to whom he read parts of his own astronomical poem—is curious.

"I drove through Slough in my way to Windsor, in order to ask at Dr. Herschel's door when my visit would be least inconvenient to him—that night or next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the door himself, to press me to alight immediately and partake of his family repast; and this he did so heartily that I could not resist. I was introduced to the family at table, four ladies, and a little boy about the age and size of Martin. I was quite shocked at seeing so many females: I expected (not knowing that Herschel was married) only to have found Miss Herschel; but there was a very old lady, the mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who was at the head of the table herself, and a Scots lady (a Miss Wilson, daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, an eminent astronomer,) Miss Herschel, and the little boy. I expressed my concern and shame at disturbing them at this time of the day; told my story, at which they were so cruel as to rejoice, and went so far as to say they rejoiced at the accident which had brought me there, and hoped I would send my carriage away, and take a bed with them. They were sorry they had no stables for my horses. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*, but in spite of my blushes I was obliged to submit to my trunk being taken in, and the car sent to the inn just by. We soon grew acquainted, I mean the ladies and I; and before dinner was over we seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good-humoured, unpretending, and well-bred; Miss Herschel all shyness and virgin modesty; the Scots lady sensi-

ble and harmless, and the little boy entertaining, promising, and comical. Herschel, you know, and everybody knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer. Your health was drunk after dinner (put that into your pocket;) and after much social conversation and a few hearty laughs, the ladies proposed to take a walk, in order, I believe, to leave Herschel and me together. We walked and talked round his great telescopes till it grew damp and dusk, then retreated into his study to philosophize. I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the time charmingly till tea, which being drunk with the ladies, we two retired again to the study. Now having paved the way, we began to talk of my poetical plan, and he pressed me to read what I had done. Heaven help his head! my eight books, of from 400 to 820 lines would require two or three days to read. He made me unpack my trunk for my M.S., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book or character of a great astronomer he pleased. 'Oh, let us have the beginning,' I read him the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium, and then said I rather wished to come to modern times; I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus, and began my eighth chapter, entirely on Newton and his system. He gave me the greatest encouragement; said repeatedly that I perfectly understood what I was writing about; and only stopped me at two places: one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe, and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox, concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, &c. &c., but made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have overset me, and prevented my reading any part of my work: he said he had almost always had an aversion to poetry, which he regarded as the arrangement of fine words, without any useful meaning or adherence to truth; but that, when truth and science were united to these fine words, he liked poetry very well; and next morning, after breakfast, he made me read as much of another chapter on Des Cartes, &c., as the time would allow, as I had ordered my carriage at twelve. I read, talked, asked questions and looked at books and instruments till near one, when I set off for Chelsea."

The volume before us contains, also, some graphic touches of Talleyrand; whose equivocal character seems not a little to have puzzled, and sometimes roused the indignation of, Madame d'Arblay's various correspondents. "Wretch" and "monster," are the softest words used in allusion to him. The writer's sympathies were strongly attracted to the old French court; and they could scarcely be expected to see the political benefits which were to issue out of the anomalies that necessarily occur in revolutions. Such comments as theirs must be accepted as the reward of immediate sensations:—the after duty of reflection has devolved on us. There is in these pages some very pleasing domesticities relative to Madame d'Arblay herself, her son, and her husband; whose fondness for his garden was only equalled by his love of astronomy—the first being the prose and the last the poetry of his life. The diarist's reverence for her father—at whose request she withdrew her comedy of 'Love and Fashion,' from Covent Garden Theatre—is even touching. Nor is the manner in which she bears domestic misfortune and disappointment less exemplary. Her husband's necessities taking him to France, and it being expedient for her to join him there, we have, in the subsequent correspondence, her impressions of that country. Those which she formed of Bonaparte, as First Consul, were favourable. We have, also, a slight notice of Madame de Staël—but somewhat colored with prejudice. That of Napoleon is so graphic as to deserve extract :—

"Our window was that next to the consular apartment, in which Bonaparte was holding a levee, and it was close to the steps ascending to it; by which means we saw all the forms of the various exits and entrances, and had opportunity to examine every countenance and every dress that passed and repassed. This was highly amusing, I might say historic, where the past history and the present office were known. Sundry footmen of the First Consul, in very fine liveries, were attending to bring or arrange chairs for whoever required them; various peace officers, superbly begilt, paraded occasionally up and down the chamber, to keep the ladies to their windows, and the gentlemen to their ranks, so as to preserve the passage or lane through which the First Consul was to walk upon his entrance, clear and open; and several gentlemanlike looking persons, whom in former times I should have supposed pages of the back stairs, dressed in black, with gold chains hanging round their necks, and medallions pending from them, seemed to have charge of the door itself, leading immediately to the audience chamber of the First Consul. But what was the most prominent in commanding notice, was the array of the aids-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness. We were long viewing them before we could discover what they were to represent, my three lady companions being as new to this scene as myself: but afterwards M. d'Arblay starting forward to speak to one of them, brought him across the lane to me, and said, 'General Lauriston.' * * * The last object for whom the way was cleared was the Second Consul, Cambaceres, who advanced with a stately and solemn pace, slow, regular, and consequential; dressed richly in scarlet and gold, and never looking to the right nor left; but wearing a mien of fixed gravity and importance. He had several persons in his suite, who I think, but am not sure, were ministers of state. At length the two human hedges were finally formed, the door of the audience chamber was thrown wide open with a commanding crash, and a vivacious officer—sentinel—or I know not what, nimbly descended the three steps into our apartment, and placing himself at the side of the door, with one hand spread as high as possible above his head, and the other extended horizontally, called out in a loud and authoritative voice, 'Le Premier Consul!' You will easily believe nothing more was necessary to obtain attention; not a soul either spoke or stirred as he and his suite passed along, which was so quickly that, had I not been placed near the door, and had not all about me facilitated my standing foremost, and being least crowd obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was, I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face, as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye but in every feature—care, thought, melancholy and meditation are strongly marked, with so much of character, nay genius, and so penetrating a seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind. Yet, though the busts and medallions I have seen are, in general, such good resemblances that I think I should have known him untold, he has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather that of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who 'o'er books consumes' not only the 'midnight oil' but his own daily strength, and wastes the puny body to decay, by abstruse speculations and theoretic plans or rather visions, ingenious but not practicable. But the look of the commander who heads his own army, who fights his own battles, who conquers every difficulty by personal exertion, who executes all he plans, who performs even all he

suggests; whose ambition is of the most enterprising, whose bravery is of the most daring cast:—this, which is the look to be expected from his situation, and the exploits which led to it, the spectator watches for in vain. The plainness, also, of his dress, so conspicuously contrasted by all the finery around him, conspires forcibly with his countenance, so 'sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought,' to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior. * * Bonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white horse, closely encircled by his glittering aids-de-camp, and accompanied by his generals rode around the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing or other freaks of his horse, insomuch as to strike some who were near me with the notion of his being a bad horseman. I am the last to be a judge upon this subject; but as a *remarker*, he only appeared to me a man who knew so well he could manage the animal when he pleased, that he did not deem it worth his while to keep constantly in order what he knew, if urged or provoked, he could subdue in a moment. Precisely opposite to the window at which I was placed, the Chief Consul stationed himself after making his round; and thence he presented same swords of honor, spreading out one arm with an air and mien which changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was highly military and commanding. Just as the consular band with their brazen drums as well as trumpets, marched facing the First Consul, the sun broke suddenly out from the clouds which had obscured it all the morning; and the effect was so abrupt and so dazzling that I could not help observing it to my friend, the wife of *m'ami*, who, eyeing me with great surprise, not unmixed with the compassion of contempt, said, 'Est-ce que vous ne savez pas cela, Madame? Les quo le Premier Consul vient a la parade, le soleil vient aussi! Il a beau pleuvor tout le matin: c'est egal, il n'a qu'a paroitre, et tout de suite il fait beat.' I apologised for my ignorance, but doubt whether it was forgiven."

It was not until 1812 that Madame d'Arblay was enabled to return to England. With this event, and the marked change in Dr. Burney's health, which occurred about this time, the present volume concludes.

LA SONNAMBULA.

When the spirit of the lily,
And the fay, that in the rose
Hath shunned the heat of the summer's day,
Fling off their sweet repose;
When the moon-lit elves are tripping
Where the massive roots have grown
Like a wall around the emerald turf,
Wends a maiden forth alone,
Wends a fair and radiant maiden
Through the forest path alone.
Like a film her floating tresses,
Like a film her waving dress,
And her hands in their white folding
Have a dreamlike loveliness;
But her smiling lips are crimson.
As her earthly lip may be,
And her cheek hath caught as soft a glow—
No wakening spirit she,
No wandering mystic spirit,
But a mortal maiden she.
Ever on her brow pencilled
Rest her lashes like the night,
And her lustrous eyes are beaming
With a clear and spirit light,
Up she gazeth apt and dreaming,
Yet her step is sure and fleet,
And the rocks that cross the sylvan path
Stay not her gliding feet—
Stay never of the bounding
Of her white and winging feet.
She hath passed the solemn forest,
She hath passed the tangled brake,
Lo! she standeth where the shadows
Sway and darken by the lake,—
Sway upon its shining stream
Where the tall trees may stand,
Like magicians grim in the onlight dim
Who wave the mystic wand,
Moving slow their giant branches
As the sage his mystic wand.
Bright its sanded shores are gleaming,
And across its silent breast
Spreads a woodland dense and shady;
And the far off mountains rearing
Like a waving shade of darker blue
Traced on the azure skies,
And a sleepy, silver light
On the distant forest lies
A long, still, line of silver
On the dark green forest lies.
Stay thy feet, oh! white-browed maid
Stay thy light feet, bounding swift,
For the path is by the waters
Over bush and rock and rift;
Lo! that broken path is slippery,
And the waters cold and deep—
God shield the wandering maiden,
For her eyes are bound in sleep!—
Yet she treads the brink in safety
Though she treadeth there in sleep.

Montrose, Pa. Sept. 1846.

A. D.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS.

By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S. Vol. I. Van Voor.

Although the publication of books on Natural History is on the increase, they generally belong to one of two classes:—either they are very technical, and adapted only to the professional student,—or they are written in a style suited for schools and popular reading, by persons unacquainted with the subject as a science. In neither case are such works the best for extending a

knowledge or a love of Natural History. We do not see why the professors of a science should not engage in the work of popular teaching, and throw into the dry bones of their systems some of the loving spirit which their subject is calculated to inspire. All the great facts of science may be detailed in language which any person of ordinary education can understand; and a graceful appreciation of their beauty by the teacher is the best means of obtaining for them the attention of others.

Of all countries in the world, Great Britain is the most advantageously situated for studying Natural History, Botany and Zoology. Her fleets covering the ocean, and carrying on commerce with every part of the habitable globe, give her a facility for this study possessed by no other nation. In herself, too, she is rich: for such is the diversified character of the strata of the island, that in few places can Geology be so well studied or is such a variety of plants found in so small a space. It is, however, in an encircling ocean that this island affords so great an opportunity for the study of Zoology:—

"Is it upon the sea-shore that the student of nature walks? Each rippling wave lays at his feet some tribute from the deep, and tells of wonders indescribable—brings corallines and painted shells, and thousand grotesque beings, samples left to show that in the sea, through all its spacious realms, life still is found—that creatures there exist more numerous than on the earth itself, all perfect in their construction, and, although so diversified in shape and attributes, alike subservient to the general welfare. And yet how few, even at the present day, turn their attention to this wondrous scene, or strive at all to understand the animal creation—to investigate the structure and contrivance that adapt each species to perform certain important duties—to perceive the uses and relations of each group—to contemplate the habits and the instincts that direct the different tribes—and, lastly, to trace out the means whereby the mighty whole, formed of such diverse parts, is all along preserved in perfect harmony! The study of Natural History and of Animal Physiology is confessedly one of the grandest as well as the most difficult of sciences. To understand the laws whereby even the human body is built up, lies not within the power of human industry or human research; much less to comprehend the lengthy series of creation that extends from man, the most exalted form of living beings, down to the apathetic sponge, which, fixed upon a rock, seems equally deprived of sense and motion. But because we are, and ever must be, unable to grasp the full extent of so magnificent a subject in all its details, let us not despair of gaining much important knowledge from its contemplation, whilst, as is our present purpose, beginning with the first appearances of life, we endeavour, step by step, to trace out the most conspicuous forms, the attributes and distribution of the animals inhabiting our globe, marking their progressive advancement in intelligence and happiness, and exhibiting the development of their faculties from the simplest to the most perfect conditions under which they exist."

Mr. Jones's work is devoted to the animal kingdom; and this first volume comprises chiefly those classes which are inhabitants of the sea. The first chapters are given to the sponges and their allies. These plant-like animals were formerly regarded as vegetable productions; till Dr. Grant examined their whole history, and found that, however much the being, when mature, might resemble a plant, it commenced its existence as a moving animalcule, and performed many functions which are exclusively of an animal character. Although these bodies look so little like animals in their dried state, when fresh they are covered over with an animal membrane, which is attached to a skeleton composed of siliceous spicules. These spicules seem to have played an important part in giving character to some of the strata of the earth:—

"The presence of siliceous spicula thus diffused abundantly through the entire substance of sponges possessing a skeleton of this description, unimportant as the circumstance may seem at first sight, enables the geologist to give an unexpected, but very satisfactory, explanation of the origin of those detached and isolated masses of flint, which in various chalk-formations are so abundantly met with, arranged in regular layers through strata of considerable thickness. The mere assertion, that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; but we apprehend that a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical of the truth of this strange announcement. Imbedded in the substance of the chalk, which, during long periods, by its accumulation had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine animals, the sponges have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata—water which contains siliceous matter in solution. From a well-known law of chemistry, it is easy to explain why particles of similar matter should become aggregated, and thus to understand how, in the lapse of ages, the siliceous spicula that originally constituted the frame work of a sponge have formed nuclei around which kindred atoms have constantly accumulated, until the entire mass has been at last converted into solid flint. We are, moreover, by no means left to mere conjecture or hypothesis upon this interesting point; nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered condition, and thus afford irrefragable proof of the original condition of the entire mass."

The next class of animals which Mr. Jones examines are those that bear polypes or organs for catching and appropriating their food. These polypes are attached to variously-formed skeletons; but the most remarkable are the corals. These animals are ever active at the bottoms of our oceans; depositing enormous quantities of carbonate of lime, which are constantly being thrown up in the form of coral-reefs; and islands in the ocean are thus formed. Not, however, in the present era alone, have these beings existed:—

"Do we not find, imbedded in the rugged cliffs, and high above the level of the sea, countless remains of madrepores conformable, in every circumstance, to those at present in existence, and to which the naturalist gives names, and classifies their skeletons as easily as those of recent times, although now buried in the solid stone, of which they form a part, and found quite in the centre of a country such as ours? Here again we must not judge the grand phenomena of Nature's operations by the low and puny standard of our usual thoughts; no ordinary figures serve to paint convulsions so terrific and sublime as those that piled the treasures of the deep upon our highest hills. Fancy beneath the ocean's bed, encrusted thick with ponderous strata of these madrepores, that there exist volcanic fires; huge furnaces that rage in *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, and reach, perhaps, beneath the wide Atlantic, to the mighty chain of burning mountains that extends throughout the Andes—ay, and far beyond! Some accident, or earthquake, opens a wide chasm in the bottom of the deep: the sea itself pours through the yawning fissure, and leaps down into the fiery gulf; the imprisoned steam produced by such a dread catastrophe, putting its Titan shoulders to the vault above, heaves up the vast incumbent roof, rocks, corals, shells and all.

Mountains huge upheave their broad, bare backs into the clouds

soon to become centres of realms and empires, though, at first, built at the bottom of the sea by these poor zoophytes."

The succeeding chapters give an account of an animal world whose individual members are not to be seen with the naked eye; but whose skeletons, accumulated, form a large proportion of the solid contents of many of the strata of the earth. The infusorial animalcules have been called, by Ehrenberg, *Polygastrica*—because of the supposed presence in their bodies of a number of stomachs. Professor Jones doubts the existence of this organ—or rather, the function which it is assumed to perform by its designation of stomach. It appears that the little cells in the interior are either nutritive or reproductive globules—such as are found in the interior of many of the cells of plants; and not standing in the relation of stomachs to the animals at all.

After the animalcules, follows a history of intestinal worms; whose structure gives them this position in a classification of the animal kingdom. We are, then, taken again to the sea-shore, to study the *Aculephæ*, or jelly-fishes. It is to animals of this class principally that the ocean is indebted for its luminosity, or phosphorescence. This phenomenon was at one time, ascribed to the saltiness of the sea; and other theories were offered to account for it. But the cause is now known:—

"Throughout the immeasurable expanse of waves that encircle all this globe, sharing the already crowded drops of water lavishly, these stars of ocean have been sown in microscopic myriads, a living milky-way. Partly from their small size, but more from their extreme transparency, they escape all observation by day-time, nor can they be seen even by the microscope, so perfectly translucent are the bodies; but as the night reveals the stars of heaven, so does the darkness bring to light these living luminaries, else invisible, contrasting, as it were, with those above, and silently repeating the great truths they tell.

To him no high, no low, no great, no small,

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

But let us dwell a little on the contemplation of these sparkling beauties of the sea, if but to estimate, as far as our imagination can, the extent of this department of creation. It has been calculated by navigators every way entitled to respect, that at some seasons of the year, when the *Aculephæ* swim near the surface, and of course their phosphorescent light is most conspicuous, at least thirty or forty thousand must exist in every cubic foot of the sea-water! That through this mass of life, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, the vessel ploughs her rapid course, nor finds the slightest diminution in their numbers! We leave the reader, then, to draw his own conclusions, and exclaim with an old writer, 'Surely if the sky has stars so has the sea likewise!'

With the *Aculephæ* closes the class of animals which have no perceptible nervous system. The next division embraces those with a thread-like nervous arrangement; at the head of which stand the Star-fishes. The book finishes with the Annelides and Myriapods,—two classes of the articulate division of animals.

One of the most interesting chapters in this volume is on the development and metamorphoses of the lower forms of animals. No one who reads this can fail to take an interest in both the forms of animals and their history. Each animal assumes a variety of forms during its existence; and these it is the business of the naturalist to investigate:—since, without a knowledge of them, he may separate things which agree, and place together those which differ:—

"Every animal, during the progress of its life, plays the parts of many different animals; and that under such diversified forms, that at successive periods of existence it cannot in strictness be regarded as the same creature. Moreover, the offices and duties assigned to it during the phases of its progressive development are so various frequently, so opposite, that its external and internal organs become totally changed, in conformity with varying functions assigned to them, so that every living being is, in fact, a succession of perfectly distinct animals growing one out of the other. We doubt not that such an assertion as this may be new to many of our readers; nevertheless, we doubt not that a little reflection will fully establish the truth of the doctrine. The frog goes through the usual gradations of growth as to size, and we have young frogs, middle-aged frogs, and old frogs, all exhibiting precisely the same form, and possessed of similar instincts; yet this very frog was formerly a fish, a tadpole, living in the water, breathing by means of gills, and sculling itself through the water by means of a long tail, without limbs, or any indication of its future destiny; moreover, the tadpole was previously an egg, having very little appearance of ever being promoted beyond that condition. We all allow that a caterpillar is an animal: yet who would dream, did not every day experience attest the fact, that the caterpillar would soon live under the form of a chrysalis; and the chrysalis in turn burst forth a gaily-painted butterfly? or who, ignorant of the fact as taught by experience, could venture to assert that the chrysalis and the butterfly were one and the same creature?"

The present book is, as we have said, only the first volume of Mr. Jones's proposed work; and we had deferred our notice in the hope that the others would have sooner followed it. That they have not done so is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as we know of no work so well calculated to afford, in a pleasing manner, a knowledge of the great facts of zoology and animal physiology as this. It is illustrated by upwards of one hundred beautiful wood engravings—which will greatly assist the student. As a companion at the British Museum or beside other natural history collections—by the sea-side at this season of the year, or as a text-book for zoology in schools—Professor Jones's work will be found of great service and interest.

MR. R. ELLIOT GRAHAM'S LECTURE ON MACBETH.

He commenced by observing, that the tragedy which was the subject of the present remarks, had called forth more criticism from commentators of our own country, than any of Shakspeare's dramas, with the exception of *Hamlet*. Dr. Johnson had treated the subject in a manner perhaps more peremptory than convincing; Mr. Whately and Mr. Kemble had each contributed an able pamphlet on the question of Macbeth's courage; Mrs. Siddons had left some valuable remarks on the character of Lady Macbeth, the result of a life study; the philosophic mind of Professor Richardson gave birth to an able dissection of the character and the motives of the hero of the play; Hazlitt drew a brilliant, but rapid, parallel between this character and Richard III.; Mrs. Jamieson, in her own charming style, had brought forward the most original and beautiful features in the play, both of character and language; and a writer in the *Westminster Review* (although the lecturer had not time to dissect the principal points of his article), was entitled to much praise for the originality of his ideas, and the ingenuity of his arguments; and he (the lecturer) was not, therefore, presumptuous enough to suppose that he could add much to what

had been advanced by those and other equally able writers. He had selected the tragedy of *Macbeth* as the subject of this lecture, in the first place, because he had always been particularly struck with the peculiar grandeur of the conception of the whole play; and secondly, because of late years he had given considerable attention to the study of the principal character; and for the purpose of the present occasion he would pursue a course which he had found to be of great advantage in private reading, namely, to consider the play in connection with the chronicles of the times, and which Shakspeare obviously followed; so that they could trace how the materials with which he had been furnished had expanded under the poet's hands. In the meantime, it must be understood that such chronicles were not to be taken as authentic history of those times, on which a mist of doubt even now continued to rest; on the contrary, the statements of Buchanan and Hollinshed were at variance with historic truth, and that opinion was strongly fortified by the remarks of Sir Walter Scott. Still, however worthless they were to hold those chronicles in an historical point of view, they would ever be regarded by the admirers of Shakspeare in an interesting and instructive light; they were the embryo acorn developed by the genial influence of a master mind into the mighty English oak, standing now where it stood in his own days, uninjured by the mouldering hand of time,—unshaken by the rude breath of criticism,—unscathed by the glancing fire of detraction,—a rude and shapeless mass of rock, fashioned by a poetic chisel into a bold and gigantic form, which had been the delight and wonder of every succeeding age.—(Applause.) It was necessary, before an opinion could be formed of the different parts in this play, that the character of the times previously to its commencement should be taken into consideration; and he thought he might pronounce the three leading features of the age to have been blind superstition, familiarity with bloodshed, and the admiration of personal prowess above all other qualities, and especially if accompanied with the requisites for a good general. The two first of those points were so obvious, that it would be only needful for the audience, in order fully to appreciate the very spirit in which Shakspeare drew the character of *Macbeth*, to follow him through the historical chronicles of the times, and they would then be able to judge of the truth of the modern poet's remark, that men were then prepared "to wade through slaughter to the throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind." Mr. Graham then entered into a concise statement of the principal events in Scottish history from the year 959, and referred to the reigns of Malcolm, Indulph, Duff, Culene, Kenneth, Grime, and Malcolm; illustrating his observations by extracts from the works of Hollinshed, and pointing out those passages which he considered had suggested to the mind of Shakspeare various portions in the play of *Macbeth*, at the same time reading those parts to the audience. He alluded to the treachery and bloodshed of those times as confirmatory of the opinion that men were then familiar with such scenes, and were prepared "to wade through bloodshed to the throne;" and these considerations he remarked would doubtless have had great influence with the poet in his delineation of *Macbeth's* character. He referred to the noble qualities of the hero at the commencement of the play: he was then a firm friend and loyal subject, and had conducted his measures for the defence of his king with such skill that he stood high in the admiration of, and had won golden opinions from all grades. He was naturally of an ardent and ambitious temperament, and was placed precisely in that position where he was most likely to yield to the pressure of successive circumstances, and the force of combined temptation. The nature of Shakspeare's witches was different from that of the beings described by Hector Boethius, and that was another of the many proofs that the great poet "exhausted worlds and then invented new." Their appearance to Macbeth at that particular moment when his mind was in so feverish a state, and the awful confirmation of external circumstances which they afforded, might, in his opinion, be said to have worked the first link of that chain which from that moment was thrown around him, and at every step was drawing him closer and closer to perdition. It must be left to the mind of every reader to conceive how far the project of Duncan's murder had entered the mind of Macbeth in the succeeding scene; but it was clearly evident from his subsequent speeches that antagonistic principles were at work within his breast. The circumstance of the king creating Malcolm Prince of Cumberland by which he secured his succession to the throne, was, doubtless, the weight which turned the well-poised scale in the mind of Macbeth, and urged him on to the reckless course of crime which he afterwards adopted. Mr. Graham concluded the first part of his lecture by remarking, that it was the combination of these and a succession of similar circumstances, which tended to prompt Macbeth to the commission of his first sin—the murder of his king. The lecturer introduced the second part of his dissertation by a partial consideration of the character of Lady Macbeth, commencing with that part of the play where she was found reading the thane's letter; written, it should be observed, soon after the murderous resolve, but containing no allusion to it. At that moment, a similar or more fell determination sprang up spontaneously in her mind; and their union, like the junction of two mighty rivers, was to carry everything before it. At the close of Lady Macbeth's first speech, there occurred a most remarkable expression, and one which confirmed what he had endeavoured to shadow forth as to the combination, or rather succession, of events. The audience well knew the incredulous look and surprised ejaculation which were observable in every-day life, when any one, without any previous connection, suddenly made a remark exactly bearing upon the subject on which the mind was at that moment dwelling; and when, as if to point at once to the immediate execution of the murderous designs on which she had been contemplating, a messenger announced, "The king comes here to-night." Lady Macbeth burst into the unguarded exclamation—"Thou art mad to say it!" then recollecting herself, she evaded the scrutiny of her thoughts by other parties, by expressing her surprise that the thane had not informed her of the circumstance, that she might have been better prepared for the royal visit. The meeting of the pair, Macbeth and his wife (guilty as yet only in thought), was of the same nature as the letter, and from that moment a deadly understanding was established between them. The lecturer here read the most striking passage from the dialogue and soliloquy of Macbeth and the murder scene, as illustrative of the state of mind under which he then laboured; and Mr. Graham's style of reading was warmly applauded by the audience. The deed, he continued, had now been perpetrated; Macbeth was at last a murderer, and if they considered his familiarity with crime, his ambitious temperament, the successive impulse of circumstances, and the infernal agency of the witches, they would not wonder that a man of his noble nature and peculiar temperament had fallen; perhaps the wonder would have been if he had stood. Still he had fallen, and in a great measure their sympathies now forsook him; but here commenced that terrible moral lesson so forcibly described by Schlegel, which continued in stern and solemn force to the end of the tragedy. The awful importance of a first crime could not be more clearly demonstrated than by the circumstance of finding Macbeth, scarcely free from the commission of the murder of his king, with little hesitation, and without any show of pity, planning

another and a double assassination, the murder of Banquo and Fleance. A further insight into his feelings and state of mind would be gathered from the succeeding scenes and his interview with Lady Macbeth; and his two speeches after the murder distinctly showed that remorse of conscience came upon him in that terrible shape which promised to end in madness, but which had a worse direction given to it by the second interview with the weird sisters. After reading the speech of Hecate foreshadowing Macbeth's future career, the lecturer said there was much in the diabolical exultation of the hag that tended to keep up that interest in the hero of the piece which they had all along felt, and it was such a meeting as the one he alluded to, that was most likely to confirm the disposition and mind of Macbeth in the full recklessness of guilt. The lecturer then took a rapid view of the fallen and deserted state of Macbeth after his repeated disappointments, and read nearly the whole of the dialogue and speeches in the last three scenes of the play, observing that under such a crushing combination of circumstances an ordinary poet would have painted the hero as a man likely to temporize and yield to fate; but Shakspeare's Macbeth was not such a man. Mr. Graham again selected passages from the text-book, confirmatory of this opinion; and concluded an able lecture by reading an extract from the works of Sir Walter Scott, in which that eminent author remarked, that "while the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language exists, history may say what she will, but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as a sacrilegious usurper, and Richard as a deformed murderer."

LINES.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him"

Humbly, oh God! on bended knee,
I lift my sobbing voice to Thee;
And sadly, thro' the darkened air,
Ascends my agonizing prayer.
Behold! my brother lies opprest
By laboring ills, that steal his rest,
The fever-fire distracts his brain,
And every motion leads to pain.
Oh! shower thy blessings round his head,
And raise him from his suffering bed.

Thy word, oh Father! gives relief.
And calms the wildness of my grief;
I read thy promise through my tears,
And quickly fly despairing fears.
The prayer of faith the sick shall save,
And snatch the victim from the grave:
The Lord shall raise him up, and give
A new desire to love and live!

If he have any sins to dim
His life, they'll be forgiven him:
And heavenly love shall gently roll,
In streams of mercy, through his soul!
This is the promise, Lord, I trace
In the great Volume of thy grace;
This is the rock on which I raise
The structure of my hopeful praise:
Still trusting Thou wilt grant to me
The boon, I humbly ask of Thee.

Save his good life! Oh bless the means,
My God! our feeble hands employ;
Dispel his wild delirious dreams,
And wake his mind to calmer joy.
Fetid the fever-fire to range;
Hybrid disease to longer last;
Oh grant to him a quiet change,
Unle the anguish of the past.
Then and shall burst our prayerful songs,
And ynd the silver harp shall ring—
All praise to whom all praise belongs!
Our God! the Everlasting King!

Sept. 2nd, 1846.

C. S.

GERMANY.

ENGLISH CRITICISM AND GERMAN ART.

It has, we believe, been frequently asserted that the Germans are not a practical people—that is to say, they are not ready at turning things or circumstances to their (present) account. We think this is true. They are great roadmakers; but the ways they make, through tangled wildernesses, over steep rocks, and through tunnelled mountains, do not lead to cities,—they conduct to temples, where art, and literature and science are worshipped. They are not practical for direct present advantages. They leave roads not so much for their own travelling as because they know the thoroughfare will be wanted; that though now the wayfarers be few, they one day will come in crowds. In the words of a German author "Germany applies herself to the elevation and purifying of the inner man—to the more national and pure culture of the coming generation." In art it is the same. She has set herself a very high aim. And in every pursuit this is necessary—quite as much as it is in life, where, if we will walk without being seduced into a thousand crooked side paths, a point must be fixed on to be reached, even though so far distant as to be beyond our attainment. "Our painting,"—to continue the extracts—"with its love for holy subjects, for those taken from the Old and New Testament, for symbolical and allegorical compositions, is perhaps still more akin to the Klopstock period than to that of Schiller and Goethe; although, on the other hand, in the lyric sentimental direction of the Dusseldorf school, it is already beyond Goethe, and encroaches on the period of romantic writers, and of Land. In the midst of all this, the real classical maturity, the intricate amalgamation of thought and form, color and drawing, grace and grandeur, is perhaps still wanting. That which is really historically national is only to be expected where we possess a real, and, moreover, an historical nationality."

To us it seems that there is some such difference between German and English art, as between the life of a nun and that of a woman of the world. With us we meet in some (perhaps assumed) shape or another, every turn. We employ it to furnish not to adorn our dwellings. We do not look up to it with a feeling of reverence, at respectful distance, but hail it with a sort of "well met my good fellow," and as a pleasant companion to walk with arm in arm along

the streets. We hawk it about—or something at least to which we give its honoured name—so that we become familiar with it; but being counterfeit, it does not irradiate the mean dwelling into which the pedlar has brought it. Between such and the creations of genius is the difference as great as between the prophecy of inspiration and the passionate denunciations of vulgar inebriety. With us it is too much connected with business—its productions viewed too much as property, as things to be left in wills or codicils—as means to set off hot pressed pages, and so ensure a "run" for what could not stand alone—as a thing to be applied to embellish wares so that they may "sell" the better; it is connected with a "market" and is influenced by fashion; and instead of standing aloof to receive worship, courteously descends from its lofty pedestal to walk with the motley crowd, and jostle and be jostled by the busy throng met with in the public thoroughfares. We may be told that even the common earth is rendered fragrant by the neighborhood of sweet perfumes, and that genius and its works are

"competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;"

but be it remembered that the rose whose breath sweetens the breath of the artisan's dwelling, is not a thing of painted paper, but the work, with all its freshness, of God's own hands. Moreover, the most time honored, even the most holy objects, lose somewhat of their sanctity by contact with the commonplaces of daily life. Even in religion—in pure and true religion, which could surely never suffer abatement of its truth or loveliness from contact with coarseness or impurity, we have forms whose respectful observance is demanded, lest habit incline us to forget the boundary between the sacred and the profane. For of such aids our nature, in its imperfection, has but too great need. With no lack of wisdom, those to whom men paid willing reverence were, as by common consent, in all ages exempted from menial occupation—were placed above and beyond the degrading wants and passions of human existence. They were approached but by the chosen few, lest the halo with which awe had invested them might vanish at the desecrating voice of the multitude,

"And fade into the light of common day."

The words of the Delphic priestess would never have been listened to with the same trust, had she with unsandalled feet tended her goats on the hill-side near her abode; nor, perhaps, should we then read of her oracles with the same mingled feelings which, even in these unvenerating days, we do still experience.

But besides this, we have not few instances of heavenly gifted men who, mixing in the strife and strivings of the world, have been tempted by the demons of avarice and ambition—who have descended from the exalted position they were destined to occupy, and forgetting their high calling have pandered to public taste for the poor advantage of present popularity or present gain. These have a terribly mighty power, and it is well to keep beyond the circle within which they exercise their spells.

In Germany, on the other hand, art seems to lead a more separate existence—to dwell apart from the turmoil that so frets the heart. It is more like what science was in days of old—itsself and its followers inhabiting a world of their own. And as we, with a marvellously utilising spirit, turn every discovery of modern science to practical account, employing the most tremendous powers of nature, in the discovery of which the human mind has attested its divinity, for household purposes, for our ease or luxury; so in like manner we are too inclined to apply art to practical purposes, to turn it to account, to make it useful. Thus the virgin to whom we should bend as to a goddess we speculate upon hiring as our handmaid, and, what is worse, dress her out in meretricious finery (displeasing as the word is we use it here in its fullest original sense), and send her forth to captivate the unwary and the weak. Does the whole class of so-called drawing-room-table art, with its train of annuals and their spiritless but showy fabrications, not come under this denomination? But they cannot now be dispensed with, for they are as necessary to the furnishing of the boudoir as the cushions of the ottoman. As yet, we believe, Germany has no drawing-room-table art, which, doubtless, many would consider as proof of her slow progress in refinements. These are deformities, excrescences—name them what you will—which do certainly less disfigure the growth of German art than that of France or England.

We have no right whatever to find fault with the direction the art of a country takes merely because it is different to that of our own, unless the direction be decidedly bad. Literature in different centuries is influenced by endless different circumstances; like art, it reflects the character of a people. In England the change of government that the year 1660 brought with it gives its colouring to the literature of the period, in the same manner as the tastes and amusements of Louis XIVth's court wholly influenced the literary productions of that day. The mind of genius and the nation's mind do and must always respond to each other. We have not to judge the divine poem of sternly-severe puritan England by comparison with the varied creations of Elizabeth's time: it stands as much alone in its unapproachable grandeur as the dramas of the preceding years in beauty, grace, and wondrous imagery.

Why, then, measure German art by a standard of our own; not by an universal, but by a British one? "Much that commands our silence and our respect, which England already possesses, we doubtless may still be without," writes the correspondent of the German journal; "But what we have attained in literature, art, poesy, and philosophical investigations, and that, too, under circumstances not always favourable,—what we, with diligent labour, have made German property,—on that the foreigner shall not cast a slur; for in these branches of mental activity we are what a nation ought to be—thorough men." The English critic declares it to be a principal evil that German art in the period of its regeneration continued to follow fresco-painting exclusively, by which it sacrificed perfection in colouring. But the question is, if in Germany we have not in all times painted and pencilled enough, and if fresco-painting is not to be viewed as the very cure for all this weak brushing and tinting? However, in this view of the English critic, though crooked and prejudiced, there lies some truth: but it is a great error when the reviewer seems to think there are no colourists and oil-painters in Munich—of whom we could count a long list, and most excellent ones—but only designers and painters in fresco. Finally, he takes no notice whatever of the progress which Munich fresco-painting has made in colouring, nor of the remarkable discoveries by which its limits have been enlarged. In short, in this reviewer we stumble everywhere on a half-acquaintance with his subject, on false applications, and on partial observations, arising either from superficial knowledge, or from ill will."

It must not be thought, from all we have said on this subject, and because we raise our feeble voice in defence of the attack, that we are not sensible and proud of what English art has produced. We know no German Leslie, the grace of whose pictures of "genteel comedy," as Constable termed them, is unrivalled; and we should look in vain for such landscapes as this last mentioned and lamented

ted artist produced, so dewy, and full of air and light, making, as he himself de-lighted to boast they did,

"The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade"—pictures which, while he who painted them lived, were abused, laughed at, and disregarded; and which, when the hand that had produced them was cold and powerless, were imitated, and the forgeries sold at prices which, some years before, would not have been given for the originals. And where should we find one to compare with Edwin Landseer? But we will cease our citations; for well known are the names that in almost any department may be quoted as worthy representatives of British art. Our wish is not to exalt the productions of our country at the expense of those of another; our desire is justice, and our aim is truth. We wish only that the Englishman would examine thoroughly before he gives his judgment; and that when deciding on the efforts and the progress which another nation has made, he would be guided by the divine precept, "to do unto other men as we would they should do unto us." Not long ago an account of the state of art in England appeared in Germany; but it was written by one who was sent to England expressly for the purpose of investigating the matter on the spot. This was the right way of setting about a matter that was deemed worthy of consideration; and the result was the opinion that English art is sometimes much better and of more worth than people generally imagined.

Now had the result been otherwise, we should, doubtless, have raised no ungentle cry against partial and superficial criticism. But let the example not be lost upon ourselves; and let us remember too, that it behoves us also to be impartial and well-informed when judging of our neighbours. Had any continental artist had the hardihood to send to Trafalgar Square such an abortion as that which Turner forwarded to the last Munich Exhibition, we should like to know the estimation in which English critics would have held the state of art in the country from which it came. The picture in question (how could it be otherwise?) was laughed at by every beholder; but, with the exception of one joke upon it, we have heard nothing offensive to English feeling, or depreciatory of British art. Turner, it is true, had the unparalleled boldness to appear with his "unsuccessful picture" as the representative of England at the Congress of European Artists; but they—and we thank them for it—would not accept him as such.

Miscellaneous Articles.

HAPPY LIFE OF THE CUBAN MOUNTAINEERS.

I have travelled a great deal, but in all my peregrinations in this world, never met with a more independent class of people than the Guajiros. The mountaineer is the minstrel of the tropics. He labours very little, and when he has earned sufficient to supply his scanty wants, he passes the remainder of his time at cock and bull fights—versifies and sings ballads to his mistress, filling up the interludes by turning *Regalias* and *Dos Amigos* into smoke and ashes. You must not imagine that the Guajiro readily sacrifices his liberty for a salary. His delight is to possess a few *caballerias* (acres) of land to cultivate maize; he breeds poultry, which he carries to the neighbouring markets—he ploughs and sows his own land, until he has made sufficient to purchase a slave or two. If poor, he does not object to superintend the cutting of sugar-canes, or the gathering of coffee-beans, especially as this occupation lasts only for a short period; when the sap of the canes has been converted into sugar, and the brown berries plucked from the coffee plant, he resumes his indolent career, sells *maloja*, sings, smokes, dances, and courts all the girls in the neighbourhood. The Guajiro, though of Spanish origin, appears to have a mixture of Indian blood in his veins. His complexion is dark; he has long black, smooth raven hair, and is almost as indolent as the aborigines. He is the gipsy of the West, and is as fond of roving and changing the site of his abode as the wandering Arab. Moreover, the montero has a perfect contempt for luxury—his wants are circumscribed to a nutshell. Whenever a montero pitches upon a spot, where he proposes to fix a temporary abode, he calls his friends together, and, like the patriarchs of old, each lends a helping hand. In the course of a couple of days, that which they call a house, but which we should yclep a cowshed, is ready to receive its inmates. It is made of the stumps of trees firmly fixed into the ground; the partitions are made of bamboo, interwoven with the leaves of the palm, and the roof is covered with leaves called *bejuco*. As to windows, none are required; but the window-shutters, made of the *yagua*, let up and down to admit or exclude the air. When the house is finished, the owner also kills a sucking pig, and feasts those who have helped him to erect his dwelling. In addition to the house, they also build stables and sheds, where their horses, mules, cows, sheep, and poultry are kept *pele mele*. These mountaineers lead a happy life. They have hardly sown, when they reap, and gather into their granaries far more than they can consume. They possess immense advantages, for the land in Cuba requires no manure, and yields more than one harvest during the year. For instance, maize produces *maloja* about seven or eight weeks after it has been sown; and the English farmer would be surprised to learn that twelve crops are usually mowed in the course of so many months. These monteros are happy dogs; they know not what that hacknied word *protection* signifies, unless in the curtain line, to prevent their being stung to death by mosquitoes in their catres at night. They know nothing about foreign competition, nor the duties imposed in England to raise the value of wheat, in order to prevent an importation which would lessen the price of bread. The montero sows, reaps and sells his Indian corn and malaga—earns his forty per cent, smokes his cigar, and blesses the climate and the soil which gave him birth. The facility with which the Guajiro earns (if we may use that epithet) his daily bread contributes in a great degree to render his life one of pleasure and love. His dress is simple in the extreme, though he prides himself upon fine linen shirts which fall over his white trousers. A kind of long rapier, called the *machete*, passed through a belt, hangs at his side, and he never stirs a step without being accompanied by this formidable weapon. He uses it as a defence against the negroes and fugitive slaves; for cutting his way through underwood; against the attack of the dogs in the Ingenios and Estancias; and for defying his rival, as in McGuinness's case. He wears a straw hat with a very broad brim. His feet are cased in thin yellow shoes, adorned with a pair of huge silver spurs. Like the Arab, he is passionately fond of his horse. In short, the montero is never found on foot; he would consider it *infra dig*, to be confounded among pedestrians. His horse's bridle is made of rope, called *daguilla*, and, generally speaking, is ornamented with woollen knots of divers colours, the handicraft of his mistress. Some of the monteros wear richly-ornamented belts, the handles of their machetes being not unfrequently ornamented with precious stones. These, however, are only worn upon high days and holidays, or they are sported at balls, bull and cock fights. The Guajiras, as you have just learned, are very pretty creatures, they are well made, and excel in the dance. The Guajira

generally dresses in white, ornamenting her hair with flowers. As to the Guajiro's life, it is one replete with adventures, which sometimes end tragically; for he braves every danger to penetrate into his lady-love's abode, in spite of negroes and bloodhounds. Sometimes an enraged father, or an overscrupulous brother, lays wait for the mountaineer: a conflict generally ensues, whereby one or the other is left dead or mortally wounded upon the field of battle.

A LADY'S LIFE AT THE GRAFFENBERG WATER CURE.

She will get out of bed at four o'clock, a. m. and be immediately enveloped by her attendant in a sheet that has been dipped into fresh cold water, which has been wrung from it just sufficiently to prevent its running about her in streams. This wet sheet is wrapped closely round her, and the bath-woman rubs her briskly on the outside of it, with both her hands, the patient herself being also enjoined to rub herself in the same manner, as actively as possible. The lady is then left to herself, and employs a few moments in fanning her wet person with the sheet, the room being made to receive the while as much fresh air as possible, and the moisture upon her skin dries so rapidly during this process, that very little subsequent wiping is necessary. The bath-woman then wraps a thick wet cloth, about three yards long, round her waist, and another over it, of the same texture and dimensions, but dry. This is the only stay she is permitted to wear. She is strongly recommended to wear no stockings. The flannel garments usually worn by English women is strictly forbidden, and as light a petticoat and gown as can be procured, from her whole dress. Having invested herself with all rapidity in this (no combing and brushing of the hair can take place till afterwards), she sallies forth with a light sun-bonnet on her head, and a drinking-glass in her hand. She walks briskly to a cold water spring, fills her glass once, twice, thrice, perhaps, and swallows the limpid contents. She then mounts, at her best speed, some of the steep hills which surround the place, and whenever she meets with a font by the way, she stops, fills her ever-ready glass, and drinks. This walking must continue till eight o'clock, when she returns to breakfast, carefully made ready—for, trust me, she is furiously hungry—and finds black or brown bread (if she can eat it, but if not she is indulged with white), a huge jug of fresh milk, butter *a discretion*, and as many of the delicious wild strawberries, that are native here, as she can eat. At nine she is again enveloped in a wet sheet, and the moisture of her bandage is renewed, and she is recommended to lie down and go to sleep; and I have heard, as yet, of no insomnolency obstinate enough to resist this prescription. The sleep is sound, quiet, and most deliciously refreshing. On awakening from this sleep, it is, if I mistake not, in the common order of the day's work to take what is called the packed, or sweating bath; but, of course, the applications vary according to individual cases. All this pretty well occupies the time till one o'clock, at which hour everybody dines. "Sancho's dread doctor and his wand" are *not* there, excepting, indeed, at the sideboard. No beverage but water is permitted; but, with the exception of soup, I cannot find that any viands are forbidden; and the great physician seems, I think, to pride himself upon the perfectly healthy powers of digestion which his system produces. His resolute forbiddance of soup is not from any danger of its being rich, but he permits not the introduction of any warm fluid into the stomach. After dinner, the patients may sleep again if they want it, or if they prefer walking they may walk, provided, always, that they do not walk in sunshine. At four another wet sheet is administered, followed by a newly wetted bandage; and then they walk again, and amuse themselves by seeking some of the daily dozen of glasses of water which they are enjoined to drink, at more distant springs; but at seven they must return to eat—the materials of the meal being the same as at breakfast; but after this they are recommended to climb more hills for an hour or two. At ten, as far as I am able to judge, everybody goes to bed, and that all those subjected to the treatment are ready for it, is by no means surprising, for it is certainly very fatiguing. But the fatigue is of a nature that appears to ensure the most delightful sleep to all who endure it.

LORD BACON AS A STATESMAN.

Viewed as a statesman, as far as right principles and intentions are concerned, Bacon deserves all praise. He was for governing constitutionally by parliaments; he never counselled violent measures; and though he laboured under the common error about the balance of trade, and the necessity for laws to prevent the exportation of coin, he had generally just views both of domestic and foreign policy. He was a reformer, yet he saw the danger of rash innovation; and he says, "it is not good to try experiments in states except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident, and well to beware that it is the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation." The advice he gave respecting Ireland is beyond all praise, and never having been steadily acted upon, it is unfortunately highly applicable to our own times. On new year's day, 1606, he presented to the king, as a "gift," "a Discourse touching the Plantation in Ireland," saying to him, "I assure myself that England, Scotland, and Ireland, well ruled, is such a treasure as no prince except yourself who are the worthiest, wear in his crown;"—and points out to him, how, by liberality and kindness, the union might be accomplished. He displays a most intimate knowledge of the miseries of Ireland, their causes and cure. "This desolate and neglected country is blessed with almost all the doweries of nature—with rivers, havens, wood, quarries, good soil, temperate climate, and a race and generation of men, valiant, hard, and active, as it is not easy to find such a confluence of commodities, if the hand of man did join with the hand of nature: but they are severed—the harp of Ireland is not strung or attuned to concord." We must not suppose that he was either insincere or unenlightened in his political theories merely regarding his practice; for he had no moral courage, and no power of self-sacrifice and self-denial. Hence we account for his clinging to every minister who could advance him,—for his sealing patents to create a monopoly in articles of necessity and luxury,—and for his writing in defence of a Spanish war, for which he knew there was not just cause and which he knew could promote no national object. His published speeches (which he evidently thought might be compared to the choice specimens of ancient eloquence) did not support his fame as an orator. They are superior to those of his contemporaries, and even to those of the leaders of the long parliament, who, as boys, were standing under him, but who suffered the effect of their masculine thinking to be weakened by endless heads and subdivisions, and to be counteracted by courtly rindry, or by puritanical cant. Nevertheless, no speech of his, at the bar or in parliament, even approaches the standard of pure and sustained eloquence set us by Erskin, and Burke, and to get at his weighty, rich, and pathetic passages, we must pass over much that is quaint, pedantic, and dull.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS ENGINEERS.

At every visit to Eu the king passes much of his time at the mills, and in order that he may do so without attracting observation from the people of Eu, he has had a private door made between a portion of the gardens of the chateau

and the mills. When any improvements or changes are in contemplation the king sends for the persons who are to make them, and closeting himself with them sits down and discusses the subject, at the same time drawing sketches which he does very cleverly, of what he wishes to have done. Some time ago he ordered that machinery should be put up for a supply of water to the chateau. His chief architect immediately prepared for the erection of a tank and the requisite machinery, the estimated cost of which was about 100,000 francs. The work had made some progress, when the king arrived, and having inspected them he declared that he thought the expense would be enormous, and at the same time that the intended object would never be attained. On the following day, at a very early hour, he went into his park with his architects and engineers, and stopping at a particular spot, observed that in his opinion it would be much better to make a tank there, as the water would supply not only the chateau, but also the grounds and at an expenditure of about one-fourth of that which was proposed for a tank where the works had been commenced. The architects and engineers shrugged their shoulders, and said the thing could not be done in that way. The king, who had on the preceding day talked the matter over with a practical man, who was then present by his desire, called him forward and told him what the official gentlemen said. This person asserted that the thing was practicable, and offered to undertake it. The architects and engineers persisted in their view and added that no man of science would give a contrary opinion to theirs. "Never mind," said the king, "as I am to pay the expense, I will for once, at least, have my say. I think, indeed I know, that the plan proposed to me is quite practicable, and all I have now to request of you is to stop your work, and not to interfere with what we are going to do." This of course, was a command; the new works were begun, and were rapidly completed at a fourth of the estimate given in by the government authority and engineers.

AN ACCOMPLISHED SOMNAMBULIST.

A far stranger circumstance has been related by a highly benefited member of the Roman Catholic church. In the college where he was educated was a young seminarist who habitually walked in his sleep; and while in a state of somnambulism, used to sit down to his desk and compose the most eloquent sermons; scrupulously erasing, effacing, or interlining, whenever an incorrect expression had fallen from his pen. Though his eyes were apparently fixed upon the paper when he wrote, it was clear that they exercised no optical functions; for he wrote just as well when an opaque substance was interposed between them and the sheet of paper. Sometimes, an attempt was made to remove the paper, in the idea that he would write upon the desk beneath. But it was observed that he instantly discerned the change; and sought another sheet of paper, as nearly as possible resembling the former one. At other times, a blank sheet of paper was substituted by the bystanders for the one on which he had been writing; in which case, on reading over, as it were, his composition, he was sure to place the corrections, suggested by the perusal, at precisely the same intervals they would have occupied in the original sheet of manuscript. This young priest, moreover, was an able musician; and was seen to compose several pieces of music while in a state of somnambulism, drawing the lines of the music paper for the purpose with a ruler and pen and ink, and filling the spaces with his notes with the utmost precision, besides a careful adaptation of the words, in vocal pieces. On one occasion, the somnambulist dreamt that he sprang into a river to save a drowning child; and, on his bed, was seen to imitate the movements of swimming. Seizing the pillow, he appeared to snatch it from the waves and lay it on the shore. The night was intensely cold; and so severely did he appear affected by the imaginary chill of the river, as to tremble in every limb; and his state of cold and exhaustion when roused, was so alarming, that it was judged necessary to administer wine and other restoratives.—*Poyntz's World of Wonders.*

NAPOLEON'S CONCEPTION OF A NOBILITY.

My plan was to reconstruct the ancient nobility of France. Every family which reckoned among the number of its ancestors a cardinal, a great officer of the crown, a marshal of France, chancellor, keeper of the seals, minister, &c., was entitled on that account to sue for the title of duke. You, Montholon, for example, would have been a duke because you were descended from chancellors and keepers of the great seal of France. Every family which had had an archbishop, ambassador, chief president, lieutenant general, or vice admiral, the title of count; every family which had had a bishop, major-general, rear-admiral, councillor of state, or president of parliament, the title of baron. These titles would not have been encumbered with any other charges than an obligation on the part of the claimants to provide a fixed income for the eldest son, of 100,000 francs for a duke, 30,000 for a count, and 10,000 for a baron. This principle was to form a rule for the past and the present, and intended also as a standard for the future. From this plan there sprang up an historical nobility which united the past, the present, and the future; and was founded, not upon any distinctions of blood, which constitute an imaginary nobility, inasmuch as there is only one race of men, but upon services done to the state. In the same manner, therefore, the son of a peasant might say to himself, "I shall one day be a cardinal, marshal of France, or Minister;" so might he on this principle say, "I shall one day be a duke, count, or baron," as he may now say, "I shall follow commerce, and gain millions for my family." A Montmorency would have been made a duke, not because he was a Montmorency, but because one of his ancestors had been constable of France, and rendered important services to the state. This changed the whole nature of the nobility, which had been hitherto feudal, and establish on its ruins an historical nobility, founded upon the claims of its possessors to the love of their country or the respect of their sovereign. This idea, like that of the Legion of Honour, and the university, was in itself eminently liberal, well calculated, at the time, to consolidate social order and to annihilate the pride of the nobility. It at once destroyed the pretensions of the oligarchy, and maintained in all their integrity the dignity and legal rights of mankind. It was a creation, organizing a liberal idea, and completely characteristic of the new age. I never had recourse to precipitation in the execution of any of my projects, always believing I had time before me. I often said to my council of state, that I required some twenty years for the accomplishment of my plans; but I have only had fifteen.

The Butcher and the Electric Telegraph.—One day last week, a rough-spun country butcher, whose travelling companion was a dog, took a ticket at one of the stations on the Midland Railway, for Birmingham. It was shortly afterwards ascertained by the officials that he had a dog in the carriage with him. On being remonstrated with, and told that he must pay for the dog, he refused, and a regular row commenced, in the course of which the butcher got out of the carriage, and the dog followed. Here the disturbance was renewed, and the war grew fiercer, when, all of a sudden, the train started. The butcher, forgetting his indignation at the parties, turned round and jumped into his place

again, followed by the dog. The train went on: the burly man of beef, laughing as though his ribs would crack at having "done the beggars," told the whole of the affair to the passengers with great glee, and concluded by saying that they might "tallyscope" about him, he didn't care; he had done 'em, and they couldn't tell 'em at Birmingham before he got there, he was sure. On the train arriving at its destination, a gentleman in a blue buttoned-up-to-the-throat livery, with trousers, and sundry hieroglyphics on his collar, touched the butcher on the shoulder, and said, "Sir, you have a dog with you, for which the fare has not been paid; you must either fob out the needful, or I take you into custody." The *tallyscope*, as the butcher called it, had arrived at Birmingham first, and the poor fellow's feelings may be better imagined than described.

A Telegraphic Marriage.—A very novel use of the magnetic telegraph has lately been made—no less than a marriage, with the bride and bridegroom 200 miles apart during the ceremony. A young gentleman is now in England, on business for one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston, who became the son-in-law of his employer the day before he sailed from New York, under the following circumstances:—The business trip to England was contrived by the father to separate the lovers, while a marriage with another gentleman should be forced upon the lady. The clerk who had won her heart chanced to be in New York on a temporary errand, when the orders were sent to him to embark for England without returning to Boston. The lady entered immediately into conversation with him by telegraph, and it was finally suggested and arranged that he should take his stand with a magistrate in the telegraph office at New York, and she with her confidential friend at the other end of the wire in Boston. This was done, and the marriage ceremony was duly performed by lightning. The bridegroom sailed (a little over a month ago,) and the secret was kept until last week, when some fresh crowding of the rival lover on the lady's attention produced a disclosure. Measures are being taken to test the validity of the marriage.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. CALIFORNIA.

COM. SLOAT'S PROCLAMATION.—The N. O. Com. Times of the 25th ult., publishes the proclamation of Commodore Sloat, commanding the Pacific squadron, to the inhabitants of California, on his taking possession of that province.

To the Inhabitants of California.

The Central Government of Mexico having commenced hostilities against the United States of America, by invading its territory and attacking the troops of the United States stationed at the north side of the Rio Grande, with a force of seven thousand men, under the command of General Arista, which army was totally destroyed and all their artillery, baggage, &c. captured, on the 8th and 9th of May last, by a force of two thousand three hundred men, under the command of Gen. Taylor, and the city of Matamoras taken and occupied by the force of the United States.

The two nations being actually at war by this transaction, I shall hoist the standard of the United States at Monterey immediately, and shall carry it throughout California.

I declare to the inhabitants of California that, although I come in arms with a powerful force, I do not come among them as an enemy to California, but, on the contrary, I come as their best friend, as henceforward California will be a portion of the United States, and its peaceable inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges as the citizens of any other portion of that nation, with all the rights and privileges they now enjoy; together with the privileges of choosing their own magistrates and other officers, for the administration of justice among themselves; and the same protection will be extended to them as to any other State of the Union.

They will also enjoy a permanent government, under which life, property, and the constitutional rights and lawful security to worship the Creator in a way most congenial to each one's sense of duty, will be secure; which, unfortunately, the Central Government of Mexico cannot afford them, destroyed as her resources are by internal factions and corrupt officers, who create constant revolutions to promote their own interests and oppress the people. Under the flag of the United States California will be free from all such troubles and expense. Consequently the country will rapidly advance and improve, both in agriculture and commerce, as of course the revenue laws will be the same in California as in all other parts of the United States—affording them all manufactures and produce of the United States free from any duty, and all foreign goods at one-quarter of the duty they now pay. A great increase in the value of real estate and the products of California may reasonably be expected.

With the great interest and kind feelings I know the Government and people of the United States possess towards the citizens of California, the country cannot but improve more rapidly than any other on the continent of America.

Such of the inhabitants of California, whether native or foreigners, as may not be disposed to accept the high privilege of citizenship, and to live peaceably under the free government of the United States, will be allowed time to dispose of their property, and to remove out of the country if they choose, without any restriction; or to remain in it, observing strict neutrality.

With full confidence in the honor and integrity of the inhabitants of the country, I invite the judges, alcaldes, and other civil officers to retain their offices, and to execute their functions as heretofore, that the public tranquillity may not be disturbed, at least until the government of the territory can be more definitively arranged.

All persons holding titles of real estate, or in quiet possession of lands under color of right, shall have their titles and rights guaranteed to them. All churches and the property they contain, in possession of the clergy of California, shall continue in the same rights and possessions they now enjoy.

All provisions and supplies of every kind, furnished by the inhabitants for the use of the United States or troops, will be paid for at fair rates, and no private property will be taken for public use without just compensation at the moment.

JOHN D. SLOAT.

Commander-in-chief of the U. S. Naval forces in the Pacific Ocean.

UNITED STATES FRIGATE SAVANNAH, Harbour of Monterey, July 6, 1846.

SANTA FE.

GENERAL KEARNEY'S PROCLAMATION.—We find in the Lexington (Mo.) Express, the following proclamation:

PROCLAMATION.

To the inhabitants of New Mexico, by Brigadier General S. W. Kearney, commanding the troops of the United States in the same.

As by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that Government and the United States, and as the undersigned, at the head of his troops on the 18th inst. took possession of New Mexico, he now announces his intention to hold the Department with its original boundaries (on both sides of

the Del Norte) as a part of the United States, and under the name and Territory of New Mexico.

The undersigned has come to New Mexico with a strong military force, and an equally strong one is following close in his rear. He has more troops than necessary to put down any opposition that can possibly be brought against him, and therefore it would be but folly or madness for any dissatisfied or discontented persons to think of resisting him.

The undersigned has instructions from his government to respect the religious institutions of New Mexico, to protect the property of the Church, to cause the worship of those belonging to it to be undisturbed, and their religious rights in the amplest manner preserved to them. Also to protect the persons and property of all quiet and peaceable inhabitants within its boundaries, against their enemies, the Eutaws, Navahoes and others, and while he assures all that it will be his pleasure as well as his duty to comply with those instructions, he calls upon them to exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, and in maintaining the authority and efficiency of the laws; and to require of those who have left their homes and taken up arms against the troops of the United States, to return forthwith to them, or else they will be considered as enemies and traitors, subjecting their persons to punishment and their property to seizure and confiscation, for the benefit of the public treasury. It is the wish and intention of the U. States to provide for New Mexico a free government with the least possible delay, similar to those in the U. States, and the people of New Mexico will then be called on to exercise the rights of freemen in electing their own Representatives to the Territorial legislature, but until this can be done the laws hitherto in existence will be continued until changed or modified by competent authority, and those persons holding office will continue in the same for the present, provided they will consider themselves good citizens and willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

The undersigned hereby absolves all persons residing within the boundary of New Mexico, from further allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, and thereby claims them as citizens of the United States. Those who remain quiet and peaceable will be considered as good citizens, and receive protection. Those who are found in arms, or instigating others against the United States, will be considered as traitors, and treated accordingly. Don Manuel Armijo, the late Governor of this department, has fled from it.

The undersigned has taken possession of it without firing a gun, or spilling a drop of blood, in which he most truly rejoices, and for the present will be considered as Governor of the Territory.

Given at Santa Fe, the Capital of the Territory of New Mexico, this 22d day of August, 1846, and in the 71st year of the Independence of the United States. By the Governor, S. W. KEARNEY, Brig. Gen.

Extract of a letter from an officer of General Kearney's staff, dated SANTA FE, August 24, 1846.

"From the moment we entered the Vegas, 70 miles from Santa Fe, our march became intensely interesting. At 12 o'clock at night, at that place, the general was informed that 600 men had collected at the pass, two miles distant, to give us battle.

"It was a formidable place, and that number of resolute men could easily have stopped us. When we reached the place, we learned the force had dispersed, and assembled at another point ahead. As we advanced reports constantly met us, which led us every hour of the day to expect a skirmish. Finally, on the third day, we reached the place which you will see marked on the map, which was occupied by Armijo with about 2000. But we found he had fled with his artillery and a few dragoons. The same day we marched into Santa Fe, and took quiet possession.

"The people have all returned to their homes.—The head men of Santa Fe have taken a reluctant oath of allegiance, and from this place north, order and quiet reign. To the south we have reports of dissatisfaction, and the general leaves here on Friday for that region.

"Five pieces of artillery carried off by Armijo have been brought in, and some ammunition; among the pieces is one captured from the Texans, and another of the date of 1780, Barcelona.

"The general is already employing guides and buying mules for his march on California, and he informed me to-night I must be ready to go about the middle of September. He will take what is called the middle route towards Angelos, on which there is one march of 90 miles without water."

THE SPANISH MARRIAGES.

From the London Britannia.

The long intrigues and equally long absurdities of the Spanish factions are at length taking a tangible shape, in the alliances of the two daughters of the late King. The little Queen is to be married to her first cousin, the son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula. Her sister is, at the same time, to be married to the Duc de Montpensier.

It is observable, and, of course, suspicious, that the French Government journals, which are loud in their approval of the Queen's alliance, say scarcely a syllable of the marriage of her sister. Yet this marriage is the one which ought to excite the strongest disapproval on the part of every state interested in preserving the independence of Spain, and which the French journals, people, and King, actually regard as the true triumph of the whole. This is the sly and general style in which the *Journal de Debats*, the semi-official gazette of the French court, speaks of the royal marriage:—

"It is pretended that the French Government accepted, as far as we can use the phrase, the pretensions of Don Francisco de Assis to the Queen, his cousin's, hand only as a makeshift, and for want of being able to forward the claims of any other candidate more conformable to its wishes. This assertion is completely inaccurate. The French Government throughout this affair never expressed but one desire, and never established but one principle, which was, that the choice of the Queen of Spain should not extend beyond the house of Bourbon; that is, that the Prince whom she should place near her on the throne should be comprised within the descendants of Philip V. At that period there existed in Europe eight Princes, descendants of Philip V., on whom the choice of Queen Isabella might descend, viz., the three sons of the Infante Don Carlos, the two sons of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, two brothers of the King of Naples (the Counts of Aquila and Capua), and finally the Prince of Lucca. But from year to year this circle became more circumscribed. Three sons of the Infante Don Carlos found themselves excluded by the national will. The Count Aquila and the Prince of Lucca married, and there remained as candidates for the Queen's hand only the two sons of the Infante Don Francisco and the Count de Trapani."

It then proceeds to give France credit for its acquiescence in the Queen's marriage.

Whether the Spanish nation will equally acquiesce in the marriage of the

Queen's sister with a Frenchman is another question, which remains for the national decision. But, if the Spaniards themselves have any hope of remaining free from the perpetual intrigues of the most intriguing of all nations, they must boldly, and promptly too, speak their minds on the alliance of the Queen's sister.

In other instances the connection of the minor branches of royal families are of trivial importance. No one cares with what sovereign of a square league the spinsterhood of a court nursery joins hands; but it has been distinctly stated in the Spanish journals, and in a hundred similar sources of public intelligence, that the Queen's health is delicate, that her constitution is enfeebled by circumstances which the court physicians have ascertained, and that the prospect of her sister ascending the throne is scarcely doubtful. Of course we give this language as merely the echo of the foreign journals, and certainly should regret to find it true of any creature so young and innocent as the little Queen. But this is the general presumption; and if this presumption should be realized, and the wife of the Duc de Montpensier become the Queen of Spain, can it be doubtful, for a moment, that such an alliance would be formidable to the independent councils, interest, and authority of Spain. In Portugal the Queen's husband—we had almost said, of course, a Coburg—takes the title of King. Why should not, in Spain, a Frenchman take the same? But, whether with or without the title, there could be no question of his possessing the power: the power would inevitably issue in filling Spain with French intrigue, and all the disturbing and fatal consequences of French intrigue.

But, let history be the guide, it is now about a century and a half since the grandson of Louis XIV. was placed on the Spanish throne. From that moment Spain had no more national independence than if every man in the country had worn a chain round his neck. The Spanish Bourbons were baby-house princes, grown children kept in leading-strings, and taught to walk in French go-carts by the French court. The French ambassador was the virtual King, while the poor creature who sat on the throne was his puppet. Spain was thus dragged into every war made by the French ambition or French misrule, and unfortunate Spain always paid the first penalty of her alliance, in being the first and the heaviest sufferer in the numerous defeats which scourged Gallic aggression. The French ambassador was actually styled, in the formal and prescriptive language of the Spanish court, the "family ambassador," and the Spanish King was regarded by all the European Sovereigns as little more than the viceroy of the French.

We must judge of this policy by its fruits. During these 150 years Spain sank into national insignificance, year by year. Her population declined, her agriculture decayed, her commerce was contraband, her fleets were always beaten, her army was all but extinguished, and her power as a kingdom was almost wholly forgotten in the imbecility of her councils.

Thus Spain lingered on, helpless and hopeless, forgotten and feeble, neither loved nor feared, left behind in the general progress of nations; proud of her old distinctions, but making no effort to restore them; encumbered with a fame which only increased the weight of her humiliation; forced to figure among sovereignties, but to figure bound down with all the decrepitude of age in her form and features, conspicuous only as a spectacle, and taking her place only to give the bolder and more strenuous nations of Europe the moral of the means by which great kingdoms are hastened to the grave.

But the French war came, and Spain instantly threw off her shoulders the burden of a hundred years. Napoleon, in his infatuation, had roused her from her lethargy. For ten years before, France, under all her revolutionary changes, had held Spain in the fetter, until Napoleon, already pressed with that fatality which urged him to final ruin, awoke her to a consciousness of her strength, and Spain exhibited, to the astonishment of the enslaved Continent, the sudden energies of freedom. The spell which had bound her to the will of France was now broken; and, from that hour, she displayed a vigour, a valour, and a fidelity which seemed to have perished in the course of her long servitude. If she is wise, she will rely only on herself, regard independence as the first of her duties, cultivate her own powers, and retain the Pyrenees, not less as the moral than the physical barrier of her people. Spain either Germanized, or French, or even Anglicized, would be Spain no more. The loss of national character is always irreparable, or, if to be recovered, defies all restoratives, but some fierce political revolutions, some remorseless civil war, or some sanguinary and utter extinction of the ancient habits, feelings, and faculties of the people. But nations are to be raised from the tomb. Let Spain, then, be Spanish, or she must be nothing. Let her cherish her mental and physical independence as the first and noblest of possessions; let her keep the foreigner at a distance; let her abjure his policy, his intrigues, and his alliance. She has all the material of greatness within herself; but she can be great only as she is free.

Foreign Summary.

A meeting has been held at Lyons, for the purpose of forming a free-trade association.

In the population of Bona, the most prosperous of the French Algerian settlements, there is one soldier to every two civilians.

The Regicide Henry.—On Friday morning, Joseph Henry was sent off from the prison of La Roquette to the hulks at Toulon, in execution of the sentence of the court of peers. Until his being transferred to this prison, he maintained hopes that his appeal to the king for a commutation would meet with some success; and more than once he sent for his counsel, M. Baroche, to whom he expressed great anxiety as to his fate. At six in the morning he was informed that he must prepare to go to Toulon, undergo the usual process, and put on the dress worn by all persons sentenced to the hulks. He sunk in a state of despair and almost stupor, exclaiming, "Oh, God! Oh, God! All then is over! No hope is left." And when brought out to be put into the van, he saluted those around him, and seeing an inspector-general of prisons among them, he raised his eyes to him and said, while his face streamed with perspiration which he endeavoured to conceal, but could not, "I should have preferred death." Seven other convicts, condemned to the hulks for different terms of from five to ten years, were sent off with him. None of them seemed to have the least commiseration for their miserable companion.—*Galignani's.*

The Deficient Crops in France.—In the anticipation of an insufficient harvest in France, and with the desire of providing for the humbler classes the resources necessary for passing the winter, the ministers of the interior, of agriculture, commerce, and public works, have instructed the prefects of the departments in which the crops are deficient this year to establish charitable workshops (*ateliers de charité*), to which workmen are to be admitted who are thrown out of employ by unavoidable causes. In the departments of the Sarthe, the Indre, the Vienne, the Allier, &c. they are to proceed, before bad weather sets

in, to the adjudication of the works on lines of railway, the making, repairing, and improving all highways and district roads, so that the operations undertaken during the winter may supply the necessities of the workpeople, and mitigate, in some measure, the results of the deficient harvest. Between Tours and Bordeaux the authorities are to proceed without delay to organise the works for the second section of the railroad. The construction of the great viaduct over the marsh of Arveyre is to be proceeded with as actively as possible, and 200 workmen are already employed there. On every point where the government has control, it will take the most effectual measures to alleviate, as far as it can, the miseries of the working classes; and, to this end, on the application of the local authorities, the ministers in their separate departments will open the necessary credits, so that no enterprise of public utility may fail for want of means.

Tolerance of Ibrahim Pacha.—Ibrahim Pacha has lately given proof of his tolerance. The great rabbi of the Jews had died, and it was indispensable to do that honour in death, to the chief of a religion, which was his due. The fear lest some fanatics might disturb the ceremonies had caused an application for protection to be made by the Israelites to the governor of Cairo. He gave in return an evasive answer, and it was determined that an address should be sent to Ibrahim Pacha in person. This address Ibrahim Pacha received in his divan, and after hearing it read, he turned towards the assistants and said:—"Since my journey through Europe I am discontented with myself. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that much remains on our part to be done, not only to put ourselves on the level with Europe, but also to commence in the way of progress. I have seen what protection is generally given to religion of every description, and the respect in which all are held, and I do not intend that in Egypt it should be otherwise. We owe the same protection to all, and I should be most unhappy were it otherwise. Instead of giving you a few soldiers to escort the conveyance, we shall put 3,000 at your disposal, and my own carriages will be given to you to put the bier in." The pacha concluded by saying: "Fear not to be disturbed in the exercise of your religious duties to the head of your church. Go, and remember that Egypt shall henceforth be a country where all religions may be followed with entire liberty."

New Steam Factory at Devonport.—On Saturday last, at two p.m. the Earl of Auckland, first lord of the admiralty, laid the foundation stone of the new establishment commenced on the Devonshire bank of the river Tamar, at Morice Town, Devonport, for the building, repairs, and equipment of steam vessels, the manufacture and repairs of steam engines and machinery, and for other purposes connected with the royal steam navy of Great Britain. The ceremony itself was of the usual character observed in laying the foundation of all great national works, and was performed by the Earl of Auckland, amidst the vociferous cheers of the workmen and thousands of spectators. The total area of the ground which is to be included in the establishment will be about 75 acres. The works will progress with the greatest rapidity, and it is expected that a steamer will be admitted into one of the basins, within three years and a half from this time. There will be two immense basins; the North Basin, 650ft. by 625ft. and all the South Basin, 625ft. by 560ft. each having a depth of 27 feet of water at times, and will allow of 18 first class vessels to be fitted out, or 25 of all classes, exclusive of those in the docks. The two basins contain 16 acres. There will be three large docks; one (the North Dock), 300 feet long by 94 feet wide, for the first rates; another, 406 feet long by 82 feet wide, for the largest steamers; and the third (the South Dock), 300 feet long by 82 feet wide. The entrance lock is so contrived as to permit steamers to be docked at low water, having 18 feet at low water spring tides; and it can be made either a lock or a dock, as might be required. The factory is to contain every description of machinery for repairing steam engines, and will be 800 feet long by 300 feet broad. The boiler house, rigging, and store house, will be in the same building. Such will be the complete efficiency of the establishment, that a vessel will be taken in hand, and passed from one department to another in succession, so as to be ready for sea when she is ready to leave the basin.

The "Journal des Debats," Free Trade, and Mr. Cobden.—We look upon free-trade as all but carried in France. It is now merely a question of time, for the death-knell of monopoly is tolled in a remarkable article in the *Journal des Debats* of the 9th instant, a copy of which we received yesterday. To many of our readers it may be necessary to state, that the *Debats* occupies a position and enjoys an influence not possessed by any journal in the world. It is distinguished not merely by first-rate literary ability, but by political talent of a very high order. The writers who afford to this journal the sanction of their names are all in the first walk of letters, but the writers who afford it a literary support, and whose names are not known, or at least not openly avowed, give to the paper a still further consequence. There has scarcely been, for the last forty years, a minister of France, or a councillor of state of any ability, who has not written in the *Debats*, and since the accession of Louis Philippe, its columns have been open to all the king's personal friends, both in the chamber and in the house of peers. Within our own memory Chateaubriand, Martignac, Delalot, Guizot, Salvandy, St. Marc, Girardin, Count Rossi, Michel Chevalier, and other men possessing the highest political influence and talent, have enriched its pages, and the opinions of such a paper may therefore be looked upon as almost authentic expositions of a policy which, if not prevailing, is at least sure to prevail within a given time. It is in such a paper, so written, and enjoying a circulation among the most influential classes, that a remarkable leading article has appeared, extending beyond five columns, entitled *Du Regime Protecteur et de la Liberte de Commerce* advocating all the doctrines of free-trade. To extract this article at length were impossible within the compass of our space, but we copy from it the following sentences, as indicative of its tone and tendency:

"From this moment we do not hesitate to say our choice is made. We are partisans of liberty of commerce in this sense, that we consider it an object to be gradually attained, approaching it, however, instantaneously and every moment, as circumstances will admit. The protective system, interpreted by the word prohibition (for that is the sense always given to it,) may be favourable to a nascent industry just emerging into being; but once a country has advanced in the career of industry, this system becomes fatal. It stops the progress of the arts, inverts the natural order of things, creates an onerous, a fictitious, and a vicious system, at once troublesome and dear, and never affording results satisfactory to the labour and capital embarked."

These are significant words, and our readers may rest assured they foreshadow the doom of protection in France.

The Wellington Statue.—The "monster statue" being at length entirely completed, was submitted by Mr. Wyatt, the sculptor, to private inspection on Saturday last. All the different portions of the work, for it has been cast in many pieces, have been fused together, so that the equestrian statue may be now said to consist of a single mass of metal. Its dimensions are so vast, be-

ing not less than 27 feet in height, that the difficulty of passing an opinion on the particular merits or general effect of the composition may easily be conceived, when inspected within the contracted limits of the artist's atelier. Indeed, until the statue is placed on the arch assigned for its reception, no satisfactory view can be obtained of it.

The composition has been so frequently described, that it is hardly necessary to repeat that the horse stands in a quiescent attitude, and that the duke is represented holding a telescope extended in his right hand, and habited in a costume he wore at the battle of Waterloo, the whole of which, down to the stirrups and spurs, has been copied with scrupulous fidelity. The metal has been brightened since we last inspected the work, and now boasts of a more attractive colour than it will after some exposure to the weather. The weight of the statue is calculated at 40 tons. The carriage which is to convey this enormous mass of metal to Hyde Park Corner, and which has been constructed at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich is a framework of three massive pieces of timber strongly knit together, and supported on two pair of the driving wheels of the Great Western Railway, 12 feet in diameter, 12 inches broad, and weighing from nine to ten tons. As the statue and carriage together will weigh upwards of 50 tons, from 30 to 40 horses will probably be required to draw it. It is supposed that the statue will be removed to its place of destination within a fortnight.—*Morning Herald*.

The *Newry Examiner* says that two hundred and fifty vessels have been chartered to proceed to the Black Sea, Mediterranean, Portugal, Azores, United States, and even to Patagonia, for cargoes of Indian corn.

France and Morocco.—The Paris newspapers of Thursday last give extracts from the *Moniteur Algerien* of the 5th instant, announcing a movement on the part of the government of Morocco, to crush Abd-el-Kader. It is stated that the Emperor of Morocco, alarmed at the influence daily acquiring by Abd-el-Kader on the minds of the Moors, had ordered his son, Muley Mohammed, to place himself at the head of an army, and to advance with that force from Taza, in order to check the emir's progress, and to restore order among the tribes. The Governor of the Rif had been instructed to collect all the contingents of the tribes residing within his government, and effect a junction with the cousin of the emperor, Muley Ibrahim, who was encamped to the east of the Rif. It is added on other authorities, that this movement was to be combined with that of a considerable body of French troops, who were assembling on the western frontier of Algeria for the purpose.

It is somewhat remarkable, that a report was very prevalent in this town last week, on the authority of a Barbary Jew who had recently arrived from Gibraltar, to the effect that a joint expedition of this kind had been undertaken by a force of ten thousand French troops, and twenty-five thousand Moors, the latter under the command of a relation of the emperor; that they had succeeded one evening in enclosing the redoubtable emir between these two bodies, and made themselves secure of capturing him next morning; but that, at day break, the Moorish commander found himself alone, the whole of his force having gone over to Abd-el-Kader; and that by this defection, the French troops were placed in a situation of great danger.

As the rumour was certainly circulating here before the accounts above referred to appeared in the newspapers at Paris, the coincidence appears a little remarkable.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, Sept. 8.—5th Drag. Gds.: Maj. W. H. Archer, from 14th Lt. Drags., to be Maj., v. King, who exchs.—3d Light Drags.: A. A. M. Campbell, Gent., to be Cor. without pur., v. Sale, whose app. has been can.—14th Light Drags.: Maj. J. W. King, from 5th Drag. Gds., to be Maj., v. Archer, who exchs.—Scots Fusilier Gds.: Lieut. and Capt. the Hon. G. A. F. Liddell to be Capt. and Lieut.-Col. by pur., v. J. T. G. Taubman, who rets.; Ens. and Lieut. G. W. Mercer to be Lieut. and Capt. by pur., v. Liddell; A. W. H. Meyrick, Gent., to be Ens. and Lieut. by purchase, v. Mercer.—12th Ft.: F. Sitwell, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Drew, who rets.; H. Cole, Gent., to be Ens. without pur., v. Sitwell, app. to the 85th Ft.—20th Ft.: Lieut. G. Thomson to be Adj. ; Serg.-Maj. J. McGee to be Quarterm.; Ens. W. H. Dowling to be Lieut. without pur., v. Thomson, app. Adj. ; R. E. W. Gordon, Gent., to be Ens., v. Dowling.—22d Ft.: Ens. G. P. E. Morrison to be Lieut. by pur., v. Applin, who rets.; J. B. Gardiner, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Morrison; Serg. Maj. W. Hughes to be Ens. without pur. v. Holbrook, cashiered by the sentence of a General Court-martial. 27th Ft.—Capt. Sir Arthur Brooke de Capell Brooke, Bart. from h.-p. 17th Lt. Drags. to be Capt. v. Smith, prom.; Lt. John Lewes to be Capt. by pur. vice Sir Arthur Brooke de Capell Brooke, who rets.; Ens. F. C. Herring, to be Lt. by pur. v. Lewes; Ens. E. Barnes, from the 67th Ft. to be Ens. v. Herring. 28th Ft.—Lt. A. Browne to be Capt. by pur. v. Stirling, who rets.; Ens. J. V. Ellis to be Lt. by pur. v. Browne; L. S. Cotton, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Ellis. 30th Ft.—C. W. Clobley, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. D'Arcy, app. to the 67th Ft. 40th Ft.—Lt. L. A. Forbes from the Ceylon Rifle Regt. to be Lt. v. Miller, who ex. 41st Ft.—Capt. A. J. W. Northey, from the 51st Ft. to be Capt. v. Farmer, who ex. 51st Ft.—Capt. T. M'Lean Farmer, from the 41st Ft. to be Capt. v. Northey, who exch. 67th Ft.—Ens. W. D'Arcy, from the 30th Ft. to be Ens. v. Barnes, app. to the 27th Ft. 85th Ft.—Ens. F. Sitwell, from the 12th Ft. to be Ens. v. Thompson, app. Adj. 87th Ft. Sec.-Lt. H. S. Bawtree to be First Lt. by pur. vice Cruickshank, who rets.; W. Murphy, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. by pur. v. Bawtree. 92d Ft.—D. Erskine, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Gillies, whose app. has been can. 97th Ft.—Ens. W. H. Beatty to be Lt. without pur. v. Bindon, app. Adj. ; Lt. W. G. Bindon to be Adj. ; C. E. Stainforth Gent. to be Ens. v. Beatty. Rifle Brigade.—Qtrmstr. P. Macdonald to be Adj. with the rank of Sec. Lt.—3d W. I. Regt.—Capt. J. Straker, fm. h.-p. York Chasseurs, to be Capt. v. J. P. Berry, who exchs.; Lt. E. Poitier to be Capt. by pur. v. Straker, who rets.; Ens. B. D. Wemyss to be Lt. by pur. v. Poitier; H. Crofton, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Wemyss.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Lt. P. W. Miller, fm. the 40th Ft. to be Lt. v. Forbes, who exchs.; Capt. J. E. Boggis, fm. the 2d W. I. Regt. to be Paymstr. v. R. Jefferson, who rets. upon h.-p.; Lt. and Adj. H. G. Remmett has been permitted to resign his commission of Adj. only.—Hospital Staff.—W. D. Marchant, Gent. to be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces.—Brevet.—Capt. Sir A. B. de Capell Brooke, of the 27th Ft. to be Maj. in the Army; Capt. J. Straker, of the 3d W. I. Regt. to be Maj. in the Army; Lt. and Bvt. Capt. A. C. Pears, of the Madras Artill. an officer to the Hon. E. I. Company's Depot at Warley, to have the local and temporary rank of Capt. in the Army while so employed, v. Thuillier.

WAR-OFFICE, Sept. 11.—7th Light Drags.: Lt. J. M. Hagart to be Capt. by pur. v. Wyndham, who rets.; Corn. E. H. Cooper, to be Lt. by pur. v. Hagart; C. F. C. Colmore, Gent., to be cornet by purchase, vice Cooper. 13th Light Drags.—Lt. J. E. Madocks to be Capt. by purchase, vice Nicholson, who re-

tires; Cornet J. M. Clements to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Madocks; Cornet F. F. W. Harvey, to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Allgood, who retires; A. Tremayne, Gent. to be Cornet by purchase, vice Clements; Sir H. H. Edwards, Bart. to be Cornet by purchase, vice Harvey. Scotch Fusiliers—Ensign and Lieut. F. Haygarth to be Adjt. vice Murray, who resigns the Adjutancy only. 1st Foot—Staff Surg. of the Second Class, A. Knox M. D. to be Surg. vice Carson who exchanges. 45th Foot—Ensign W. Marriott to be Quartermaster, vice J. Wilcox, who retires upon half pay. 68th Foot—Capt. R. G. Johnson, from the Royal Canadian Rifle Regt., to be Capt., vice Hill, who exchanges. 95th Foot—Lt. J. H. Carew to be Capt. by pur. v Baines, who rets; Ens. J. N. Sargent to be Lt. by pur. v Carew; G. C. Taylor, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Sargent. Rifle Brigade—Capt. A. J. Lawrence to be Major, by pur. v Sullivan, prom; Lt. C. H. Pollen, to be Capt. by pur. v Lawrence; Second Lt. Hon. G. Elliot to be First Lt. by pur. v Pollen; W. W. Knight, Gent. to be Second Lt. v Elliot. 3d West India Regiment—W. Browne, Gent. to be Assist.-Surg. v Thompson, app to the 85th Ft. Royal Canadian Rifle Regt—Capt. P. Hill, from the 68th Ft. to be Capt. v Johnston, who exchanges. Staff—Paymaster A. Thompson, from half-pay 81st Ft. to be Paymaster of a Recruiting District, v Storey, deceased. Hospital Staff—Surg. W. Carson, M. D. from the 1st Ft. to be Staff Surg. of the Second Class, v Knox, who exch; D. O. Clayton, M.D. to be Assist.-Staff-Surg. v Traquair, who res. UNATTACHED.—Major W. Sullivan, from the Rifle Brigade, to be lieutenant-Col. COMMISSARIAT.—The commission of Mr. M. Baily, as an assistant-commissary, has been cancelled from the 25th of July, 1846, inclusive, he having been permitted to receive a commutation in lieu of the half-pay of his rank.

Memorandum.—Lt.-Col. W. E. Jackson, on half-pay of the Royal Artillery, has been permitted to retire from the army, with the sale of a lieutenant-colonelcy, he being about to become a settler in Nova Scotia.

THE BATTLE OF DIRNSTEIN.

From Headley's "Napoleon and his Marshals."

After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon continued his progress along the Danube, waiting the moment to strike a mortal blow at the enemy. The Austrians hearing of the surrender of Mack, began to retreat towards Vienna, pressed by the victorious French. Napoleon was moving down the right flank of the Danube, while Mortier, at the head of twenty thousand men, was to keep nearly parallel on the left shore. Murat with the advance guard, was pressing with his accustomed audacity towards Vienna. In the mean time, the Russian allies finding they could not save the capital, crossed over the Danube to the left shore, to escape the pursuit of Napoleon, and effect a junction with reinforcements that were coming up. Mortier was aware of this, and pressed eagerly forward to intercept their march towards Moravia.

As you pass from Dirnstein to Stein, the only road lies by the Danube, and between it, and a range of rocky hills, forming a deep and narrow defile. Mortier was at the place, hastening the march of his columns; and eager to advance, pushed forward with only the single division of Gazan, leaving orders for the army to follow close in the rear. Passing through this defile he approached Stein at daybreak, and found the rear guard of the Russian army posted on the heights in front of the town, sustained by powerful batteries, which swept the road along which he was marching. Notwithstanding the inferiority of numbers, and the murderous fire he should be forced to encounter, he resolved immediately to attack the enemy's position.

As the broad daylight of a November morning spread over the Danube, he opened his fire on them, and rushed to the assault. In a short time the action became desperate, and the grenadiers on both sides could almost touch each other in the close encounter. The Russian troops came pouring back to sustain the rear-guard, while the French advanced with rapid step along the road to aid their companions. With headlong courage on the one side, and steady firmness on the other, the struggle grew hotter every moment. Neither would yield; and Mortier stood hour after hour, amid the wasting storm; till at length he began to grow anxious for the issue, and at eleven o'clock, to hurry up his troops, galloped back to Dirnstein. Spurring furiously along the defile, he came up to Dupont's division—a little beyond the farther entrance—and urged him to redouble his speed. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he again hastened back to the scene of strife. But what was his astonishment on emerging from the defile, to behold a Russian army issuing from the hills, and marching straight for its entrance. Doctoroff, with his whole division, had made a circuitous march during the combat; and cutting off Mortier's retreat, was about to take possession of the defile. As the Marshal left the main road to escape being taken prisoner himself, and wound along the hill sides, and saw the dense masses pouring silently into that narrow pass, his heart for a moment stopped beating; for his own doom and that of his brave troops, seemed to be sealed. Crushed between two armies, there was no hope for him, unless Dupont came to his relief. The morning that had dawned so brightly upon him, had suddenly become black as midnight. But there was but one course left for him, unless he intended to surrender; and that was to march back, and endeavor to cut his way through the defile to his army.

Behold the single division pressed in front by the whole Russian army, and cut off in rear, slowly retiring towards that silent gorge battling back the host that pressed after him, and sent their destructive storm of grape shot through his torn ranks; Mortier formed his men into a solid column and without a drum or trumpet to cheer them on, moved with a firm step into the dark entrance, resolved to cut his way through or die in the effort. But a sight, dread enough to appal the stoutest heart, met his gaze as he looked along the narrow strip of road between the rocks and the Danube. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but dense battalions of the enemy in order of battle. Without shrinking, however, the steady column moved with fixed bayonets into the living mass. A deadly fire received them, and the carnage at once became dreadful. With the cannon thundering on their rear, and burying their fiery loads in their ranks—swept in front by incessant discharges of musketry—trampled under foot by the cavalry, and crushed between two armies, the escape of that brave division seemed utterly hopeless. Indeed, the work of annihilation had begun with frightful rapidity. Mortier, after the most desperate fighting, had pierced but a little way into the pass, and hope grew fainter every moment, as he surveyed his thinned and wasting ranks, when the thunder of cannon at the farther extremity shot a thrill of joy through his heart. No cannon shot ever before carried such hope to his bosom, for he knew that Dupont was charging along that defile to his rescue.

The Russians immediately faced this new foe also, and then commenced the complicated strife of four armies, fighting in the form of one long protracted column—Mortier hemmed in between two Russian armies, and Doc-

toroff between two French ones. But Mortier was naturally the first one to go down in this unequal strife. Combating all the morning against overwhelming numbers, and struggling all the afternoon in a deep ravine, crushed between two armies, his noble division had sunk away till nothing but the mutilated fragments remained; and now, as twilight deepened over the Danube, its last hour seemed sinking. But perceiving that the fire of Dupont approached steadily nearer, he cheered on his men to another, and still another effort.

Under the light of the stars that now and then twinkled through the volumes of smoke that curtained the armies, and by the blaze of the artillery, the work of death went on—while an old castle, in which Richard Cœur de Lion once lay imprisoned, stood on the hills above and looked sternly down on the strife. All along that gorge was one incessant thunderpeal of artillery, to which the blaze of musketry was the lightning's flash.

Amid the carnage that wasted around him, Mortier towered like a pillow of fire before his men, as they closely stepped behind him. Nearly three-fourths of his whole division had fallen in this Thermopylæ, and nothing but its skeleton was left standing, looking as if a hurricane had passed through it. Still he would not yield, but rousing his men by his words and example, cleared a path through the enemy with his sword. With his majestic form rising above the throng, that tossed like a wreck on a strong current about him, he was visible to all his men. Sometimes he would be seen completely enveloped by the Russian grenadiers, while his dripping sabre swept in rapid circles round his head, drinking the life of some poor wretch with every blow, as he moved steadily on the lane he made for himself. Parrying sword cut and bayonet thrust, he trod amid this chaos and death, as if above the power of fate. With friends and foes falling like autumn leaves around him, he still remained untouched, and it was owing to his amazing strength alone, and the skill and power with which he wielded his sabre that he escaped death. His strokes fell like lightning on every side, and under them the strongest grenadier bent like a smitten reed. Struck with admiration at his gallantry, and thinking all was lost, his officers besought him to step into a bark they saw moored to the shore, and escape. "No," said he, in the spirit of true heroism, "keep that for the wounded."

"He who has the honor to command such brave soldiers, should think himself happy to die with them. We have still two guns left and a few boxes of grape shot, we are almost through—*Close up the ranks for a last effort.*" And they did close up and move intrepidly into the fire. But the last of the ammunition was soon gone, and then nothing was left but the bayonet. But just then a cheer burst on their ears over the roar of battle—the cheer of approaching deliverance, and they answered it. That shout was like life to the dead, and that torn and mangled remnant of a column closed up for a final charge.

The Russians flew up a side valley before the onset, and with the shout, "France, France, you have saved us!" that weary but heroic band rushed into the arms of their deliverers. A loud hurrah rent the air, and the bloody conflict was done. Nearly six thousand men lay piled in ghastly heaps along the road, while broken muskets and bayonets, scattered here and there, showed how close and fierce the struggle had been.

We must Invade Ireland.—Ireland was Peel's difficulty: he said so Ireland will be Russell's difficulty. She will be the difficulty of everybody who shall attempt to govern her peaceably; she is becoming even a difficulty to O'Connell; thanks—small thanks—to Mr. Smith O'Brien.

The fact is, as we have heard many respectable old gentlemen declare, that Ireland is not yet conquered; and conquered she must be. We therefore plainly and plumply, without mincing the matter, recommend an invasion of Ireland.

Not from the vain wish to parade our skill in strategy, but from motives of the purest patriotism, do we propose the following arrangement of the invading forces:—

The van is to consist of grenadiers, to be called the 1st Life Potatoes, who are to shower the effective missile they take their name from on the quarters where it is most needed.

The right wing is to be formed of the Household Bread and Meat Brigade; troops that may be depended upon for giving the enemy a bellyful. They are to be instructed to give no quarter, except the quarter loaf. The left shall be constituted by the Heavy (Barclay's) Dragoons, who will have formed a junction with Guinness's regiment at Dublin. These stout fellows will soon drench all their adversaries. In the centre shall be stationed the Light Eatables and Drinkables. The old Coercion Company is to be disbanded as useless, even as a folorn hope.

The whole army is to be flanked by a squadron of Schoolmasters, who are to form a *corps de reserve*, to act only when the victory is decided, in order to complete and secure it. For, till the operations of the Provisional Battalion have been successful, the services of the scholastic force will be unavailing. The former, however, having broken the enemy's line, his utter route and discomfiture by the latter is inevitable.

Gems of Advertisements. A gentleman advertises in the *Daily News* of Saturday, that he has discovered the Philosopher's Stone, and wants a thousand pounds to set it a going. If the Philosopher's Stone will not produce for itself the means of putting it into operation, it must be regarded rather as a stone round the neck of the philosopher who has discovered it, than as a source of intrinsic benefit. The poor fellow must keep his nose to the grindstone long enough before he gets a thousand pounds together for the purpose of making his grand discovery available.

By-the-bye, another gentleman, under the exceedingly substantial initials of A. B. C., advertises in the *Times*, to say that he wants £8000 for twelve months on his personal security. He gives Peel's Coffee-house as his address—where he has doubtless had, and paid for, a basin of soup, as a proof of his punctuality in keeping his engagements. We admire his fastidiousness in declining to deal with any but principals or their solicitors. Of course he can't be bothered with intermediate parties. We hope the gentleman, whoever he is, will let us know if he is successful in getting the money. If the experiment answers we shall certainly try it, by advertising that *Mister Punch* wants ten thousand pounds upon his word as a gentleman. No one who has not got the money in his pocket need take the trouble to come, for *Mister Punch* has no time to talk about private matters with any body.

A Royal Fisherman.—Among the anecdotes of her Majesty's last cruise, one has transpired, which accounts for a supply of small fishing gear having been issued from the Dock-yard to both yachts; it is that the Prince of Wales, on Monday, while the Queen and Prince Albert were on shore at Guernsey, caught a great eel, but being unable to haul it on board, had to

shout for assistance from one of the crew, and on the circumstances being told to her Majesty and Prince Albert on their return, orders were given for its being dressed for dinner, which was accordingly done on Monday. This is the first piscatory achievement of his Royal Highness.

London Examiner.

Information Wanted.—If A. B. B., who left his home about the 14th of Sept. last, will address a note to his brother in Pearl Street, he will hear of something important to himself as well as relieve the anxieties and fears of his relatives and friends here and abroad.

MARRIED.—At the Church of the Ascension, on Wednesday, 7th inst., by the Rev. J. F. Schroeder, D.D., George P. Quackenbos to Louise B. Duncan, all of this city.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8½ a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1846.

By the *Hibernia* Mail Steamer we have our files to the 19th inst., the intelligence is not of much consequence, except that the Potato crop in Europe, and generally, that the opinion seems to be that the Potato will soon cease to be considered a portion of human food. The news of the Cotton crop has set up the price in England, and great sales have been made.

It is said that Seamen are the most superstitious of any class of people, we differ from this for the most superstitious are those who give way to the doctrine of chances, the gambler for instance, which term includes a large class both of those who are and many of those who are not professedly included therein; the student of De Moivre, the believers in lucky numbers, the thankers upon lucky days, the morally fanatical who believe in the unremitting visitation in this world of their peccadilloes or their evil courses or thoughts. But we hardly expected to find this carried so far as the protectionist leader of the House of Commons has confessed it,—unless indeed he has tried vainly thereby to extricate himself from a horn of a dilemma on which he uncomfortably sat. He denied that the distress in Ireland was real last year, he denied that the Potatoe crop was materially injured last year; and this year, when he can no longer shut his own eyes nor hide from the eyes of others the truth of these distresses in general, he says to this effect that Sir R. Peel and his party having so mystified the public notion on that ground, God has been pleased to visit the nation this year with the reality of last year's pretence. Was ever anything so shallow? Was ever anything so derogatory to the idea of Divine Benevolence as this sample of low mortal revenge put into the action of the Deity?

The death of Lord Metcalfe appears to be deplored among all castes of political character in England, and sure we are that lamentations for the loss of the departed great-one will be sincere on the part of those who rightly understood his moral temperament. But who shall say that the editor of the *London Britannia* is either patriotic himself, or knows what the patriotic feeling is in any breast? In his editorial remarks on the death of Lord Metcalfe he says,—alluding to his appointments of Gov.-General of Jamaica and subsequently of Canada,—

“His conduct in both governments obtained general praise. We only regret his acceptance of either at a time of life when the severities of public duty might have so well been spared, and when he was so amply entitled to a dignified repose. We regret that such a man should have been in the harness to the last, that his whole existence should have been one of public care, and that he should not have allowed himself the interval which nature almost dictates as a preparative for the great change which comes to all. It is no answer to say that public employment was his happiness, and that the habit of government to him was second nature. We altogether doubt the reality of such happiness. The fierce discontents of planters, and the sullen jealousies of colonists, must cost the most powerful administrator many an uneasy hour; and we should be familiar with the thoughts of the statesman's pillow before we can pronounce that he did not sacrifice substantial happiness to the phantom of ambition.”

This remark savors of selfishness, and the mind that can thus think has no room for the desire to be useful to society, to promote the good of his government, the glory of his country, the satisfaction of his own heart and understanding. And yet the *Britannia* is the paper in which the conduct of the Dukes of Richmond, Buckinghamshire, Lord Geo. Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli and others of the protective stamp is most fulsomely praised.

The *Great Western* departed on Thursday afternoon for Liverpool, with the best part of a hundred passengers; no time has been lost by her gallant commander, Capt. Matthews, in repairing the damage she received in coming, and when he says she is fit to take passengers, be sure that he is right. A pitiful attempt we hear has been made to turn the eventful storm which he encountered in coming, into contemptible account. But unfortunately for the slanderers every vessel that has come to any American anchorage since he arrived corroborates the story that she was in great straits, and that the courage and coolness for which Capt. Matthews has long been characterised, have been well tried in the last voyage here.

The American Institute Fair.—The 19th annual Fair of the American Institute which was to have been held at Niblo's Garden has been opened at Castle Garden, and were it not like levity, which we do not feel on the occasion, we should rejoice at the change, for a more interesting *coup d'œil* cannot be imagined than the general appearance as seen from any part of the gallery, and the Committee of Arrangements deserve the most unqualified praise, not

only from their having made the utmost economy of their room, but from their having so well located the same sort of articles into the same neighbourhood. To detail the fiftieth part of the exhibition is far from our power, or of any one else unless a portion of room be left for the description, far beyond any news-monger's ability to give. Suffice it that the Mechanic and the Mathematician may find enough to consider and to ponder, the fair admirer of taste, dress, decoration, and the pleasure of the eye may be gratified, the manufacturer may find food for his contemplation, the lover of the picturesque may be delighted; in short here is instruction, advantage, and amusement sufficient to keep the enterprising spirit awake, and to prevent the ennuyé from feeling that dreadful malady in any of its infliction, during the time the visitant is there. Nor is there wanting the completest refreshments, refectons, and repose by seats, which are necessary for making such an attraction complete.—We would say to one and all of our readers “go to the Fair now open at Castle Garden.”

The following letter refers to matters of which we know nothing, and merely used the extract as somewhat interesting, and the “Mill dam” at Boston we have never seen.—*Ed. Ang. Am.*

“NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 24th, 1846.

Messrs. Editors,—In your paper of the 12th inst. I find an extract from the *Manchester Guardian*, in which a Mr. Worthington of that city is conceded to be the discoverer of the means of storing tidal water so as to get rid of the back-flood. Without wishing to derogate from that gentleman's merits as a machinist or an inventor, I would ask whether you have seen the “mill dam” at Boston, and, if you have, whether the means there made use of to store tide water and overcome the difficulty of the back-flood, are not precisely those suggested by Mr. Worthington? From the explanation furnished in the extract I should say the principle was the same in both cases. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the “Mill-dam” was erected twenty to twenty-five years ago.

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Musical and Musical Intelligence.

Mr. Lover's Irish Nights.—Mr. Lover, as every one anticipated, would in the end win “golden opinions from all sorts of people.” The mistake was that in him was to be found the professional singer; now in him singing is only one of the adjuncts to his accomplishments and one of the variety which make his “Irish Nights” so delightful; for his dialogues and his descriptions are so appropriate, and so rich, and they so tickle the imagination, that Messrs. Collins and Leonard at the theatres are absolutely out-done by the amateur, for, after all, so we must call him. But the best of it is that it is now discovered he can sing, which means that he can now give force and unction to his own poetry and his own ideas. He now draws immense audiences, who seem to come away from his “Irish Evenings” as if they were sorry that each has an end.

Mr. Lover performed again last night, but we cannot observe upon it until next week.

Madame Ablamowicz gave a private *Soirée Musicale* to a *cognoscenti* party at the Apollo on Tuesday evening. She will be better known to those who knew musical society in Great Britain a few years ago as Miss Rogers. She has great command of her voice which is a soprano, but her appearance is not very interesting.

M. De Meyer's Concert.—This took place on Thursday night, and was quite a triumph to the Maestro, who acquitted himself to the admiration of more than three thousand assembled persons. He was assisted by Mr. Burke, who has made astonishing progress in the performance on the violin, by Miss Korzinsky, and by the celebrated band of Mr. Loder. Bouquets and wreaths were thrown in showers on the platform, one of the wreaths was put by De Meyer on Burke's head at which the audience applauded greatly.

Sig. Sicori, whose performance was postponed in consequence of severe indisposition, consequent, we believe, upon his hard voyage in the *Great Western*, will perform on Monday evening next, and all the *dilettanti* have been and are quite in suspense to hear the veritable pupil of Paganini.

Trinity Church, Broadway.—The massy organ being now finished and set up, both by Mr. Erben, under the cognizance and direction of Dr. Hodges, was played upon by several of the best organists in the City on Wednesday and Thursday last, we had the pleasure of hearing the venerable father of Mr. Erben, Father Heinrich, Messrs. Harrison, Connell, King, and Greatorex, on Wednesday, and were much pleased both with the powers of the instrument, and the taste of the professors. The Dr. did not take part himself, which we were very sorry for, as he is a charming fuguist, a real Handelian, and well at home in all that belongs to the Organ and to the music of the Church. Mr. Cornell is only about 18 years of age, and played twice—the latter time by request. He is of a good school, and will be a fine organist. We hear he is to be the Organist of St. Johns. Mr. Greatorex is very skilful in the use of the foot pedals, and throws a great deal of body into his base harmonies thereby. We learn that Messrs. Timm and Loder, and several others played, but we had not the good fortune to have time to be among the hearers.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The Keans are playing an engagement at the Park, and have chosen an excellent comedy to open in, namely, “The Jealous Wife,” and in which Mrs. Kean plays the self-tormentor, the fidgety, hysterical lady Mrs. Oakley, to the life, as she does everything, we would be glad if we could say as much for Mr. Kean, who had a fine part in Mr. Oakley to which he scarcely

did justice. Colman, who we believe was the author of this Comedy, drew largely on Tom Jones, the principal action of Chas. Oakley, Squire Russell, Harriet Russell, Lord Trinkett, and Capt. O'Cutter, being taken from that admirable novel, but it tells well on the stage as it comes from the hands of that clever play-wright. It was well received, and was played again on Wednesday night.

On Tuesday evening was performed for the first time in America Shakspeare's Comedy of "The two Gentlemen of Verona," which was well performed in all the principal characters, but which in our estimation might have been more effectively cast; to wit, the part of Valentine should have been given to Dyott, and that of Proteus to Chas. Kean. Proteus is the more important character and requires more of the talent of the actor, moreover Chas. Kean would have then been the lover of his own wife. It is true that Mr. Dyott played the Proteus well, and richly deserved more praise than he received; but we believe that audiences take with them a given amount of praise which they intend to give to "the Star," otherwise Mr. Dyott would have been entitled to a larger proportion of it than fell to his share. But we suspect that Mr. Kean kept the Valentine himself, because there are in it two *tableaux* in which he figures to advantage; one is where he recognises the traitorous Proteus, and the other is where he menaces the fop Thurio who lays claim to the hand of Sylvia; but the prostration of repentant villain as given by Dyott in acknowledgment of Proteus is quite as picturesque, and was done very gracefully by that actor. Mrs. Kean's Julia was beyond all praise, and we know not but we like it quite as well as any of her Shakspeare characters. Mrs. Abbott's Sylvia was also very pretty acting, as was Mrs. Dyott's Lucetta. As for Fisher's part of Speed it was done with all the comicality for which that actor is remarkable, and Bass's Launce was fine in all respects but one, that one was the grimaces of countenance to which he accustoms himself. We were actually asked to give him a rap on the knuckles because he chose to speak Shakspeare's words rather than the expurgated or altered text, which it is too much the fashion to do with the works of the bard. Either Shakspeare must have been a fool instead of the wonder that Critics make of him, or they are fools to alter his productions. The Round of four and the chorus in the first appearance of the robbers is in very good taste, and relieves the piece very well, and is very well sung, as is also the Quintette serenade in the fourth act, but the finale as introduced at the end of the play is like a rag shaking in the wind, it does not improve or relieve the piece, it is not wanted, it is not ornamental, and it actually disturbs the catastrophe. We hope it will be removed.

Arne, Locke, and the Shakspeare music prevailed in the orchestra and between the acts; this was by no means the smallest part of our pleasure during the performance, and Mr. Chubb deserves the public thanks for his judgment.

Bowery Theatre.—Mrs. Shaw, by far the best actress that ever appeared at the Bowery theatre, is playing a second and very short engagement there, previous to her going southward. We have so frequently spoken in praise of her that she really has left us nothing to say save that she continues to be as clever and full of talent as we ever thought her to be, and actually fills the house every night of her performance.

Olympic Theatre.—Mitchell's house of farces still continues the attraction to those who cannot sit out a five act drama—and their name is legion—there are performing there Mrs. Timm, Miss Clarke. Mr. Holland, Mr. Walcott, and Mr. Nickinson, besides the elegant *danseuse* Miss Partington, and the occasional playing of Mitchell himself, and if these cannot keep the house in a roar or a transport—"the deuce is in it."

Chatham Theatre.—We perceive that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Messrs. Deverna and De Bar has been dissolved, and that the Chatham theatre will hereafter be conducted under the management Mr. W. S. Deverna. On Tuesday evening Mr. B. Williams, an Irish comedian and a great favorite at this house, took his farewell benefit, on which occasion Mr. Nickinson of the Olympic, and Mr. Chanfrau of the Bowery, volunteered their services. A new piece was produced entitled "Ireland as it is," in which Messrs. Nickinson, B. Williams, and Miss Anna Cruise played the parts assigned them very cleverly. The house was crowded from pit to dome. On Monday next Mr. John Dunn, familiarly known as "That Rascal Jack," commences an engagement here, and appears in a new piece called "Jack in a Haystack." He cannot fail to please all who see him.

Literary Notices.

Heidelberg.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Sold by Wm. Taylor.—This is one more of the over-fertile modern Novelist, James. We have waded through the book but have been like Hamlet in one respect, we have read but "words, words, words." Really Mr. James should be at the trouble of giving us incident, character, catastrophe, or some kind of invention, for this is but inane nonsense, and may well be prescribed to the hypochondriac who complains of non-inclination to sleep. It is an excellent narcotic, and there is a large dose of it for the price.

The two Gentlemen of Verona.—Shakspeare's play, altered (of course) to suit the present tastes, and ushered to the world just in time for the buyer to take to the theatre in going to see the play. The Editor has written a useful introductory part in all but one respect, he has ventured to "puff" the actors before they are seen in their several parts.

Destiny.—A Poem—By E. Delafield Smith.—Published by the Delta Phi Convention.—This poem was pronounced before the associate Chapters of the Delta Phi, and they requested the author would print it; a few copies are to be sold at Appleton's, Burgess & Stringer's, and Wm. Taylor's. We fancy that

the author is new to published poesy of his own, for the verse though in general is good prosody, is defaced with too much pedantry, and smells rather of the lamp. We can readily imagine that his muse will bear him in steady direction if he cultivate her good graces with assiduity and perseverance. There is poetic *vis* about him.

Life, Travels, and Adventures in California.—By T. J. Farnam.—At the present crisis everything that can throw additional light on the country or its inhabitants must be peculiarly acceptable to the public—in the present work, we doubt not, they will receive amusement as well as instruction. The author in his preface states that "Upper and Lower California, their conquest by the Spaniards, Indians, white inhabitants, their present state, surface, vegetation, streams, plains, mountains, volcanoes, animals—all these as they have been, and now are, will be found fully described." The work contains upwards of 400 pages, and is published by Graham in the Tribune Buildings.

The Harpers have published No. 5 of Foster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*, and No. 5 and 6 of Eugene Sue's *Memoirs of a Valet de Chambre*.

Blackwood's Magazine for October, 1846.—Leonard Scott & Co.—We have no occasion to praise this work, nor the way in which the reprint—which this is—is got up. The public know it pretty well.

Graham's Magazine, for October, has a plate of "The Bride," of Fashions, and a portrait of Dr. R. Coates. It is a beautiful number.

New York Illustrated Magazine, for October.—Wm. Taylor, & Co.—This Magazine has four very well executed plates in it, and is replete with excellent literary matter.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

GRAND MATCH

Played on the Ground of St. George's Cricket Club on Monday, 5th inst., between the Washington Cricket Club and the St. George's Cricket Club of New York.

The above was a challenge of the former-mentioned Club, who are chiefly Northern (English) Players, to the latter but barring all the crack players of the St. George's Club but Wright. They exchanged lists of seventeen each out of which each party were to furnish eleven, and the day was fine Cricketer's weather. The agreement was, if the two innings could not be finished in the days' play the first innings were to decide the Match.

The Washingtonians having won the toss put in the St. George's Players, and play was called at 11:30 A.M., against the bowling of Taylor and Hoole. Wild and Wright assumed the first bats, and Wild was mowed down by an underhand ball of Taylor after making a 2 hit. 1 wicket, 2 runs. He was succeeded by Bates, who after a fine 2 and a 4 was caught at the leg in a splendid manner by Hoole. 2 wickets, 15 runs. Green took his place, and it became Wright's turn to fall, who having made three neat twos and a fine three had his stumps lowered by Hoole, who has a very pretty half-under half-round style of bowling. 3 wickets, 39 runs. Eyre took his place who batted in bold style, for he made a three and two fine twos in his score, and Taylor sent him out. 4 wickets, 56 runs. Then the slashing Edwards went in, and it became Green's turn to fall, he having batted against a change of bowlers, Turton. If Green had been in good running trim his score would have been at least half as many more, but he was so lame that he could scarcely drag himself between the wickets; as it was he made three threes and five twos in his score, and was at last caught at the slip by Taylor 5 wickets, 59 runs. He was succeeded by Gardner, who after making two threes and two twos in his score, was bowled out by Turton. 6 wickets, 83 runs. Skippon succeeded him but was turned to the right about by Turton at the very first ball, without adding to the score. Vinten took his place, and now Edwards had to succumb, who had been playing a bold bat, he had made in his score four threes and four twos, but Hoole put down his house at last. 8 wickets, 105 runs. Nichols took his place, and Vinten was the next to retire, he had a fine three and two twos in his score, but was caught by Smith. 9 wickets, 115 runs. Platt now succeeded but was quickly demolished by Hoole, and Nichols brought out his bat after finely defending his wicket and made eight single runs. 10 wickets, no increase. The play occupied 2 1-4 hours, and the balls were 200 in number. The fielding was superb, but the batting was heavy as the score shews.

Then followed 45 minutes of recess, in which time the parties partook of a substantial Cricketer's dinner, and play was begun again at half-past two.

The Washingtonians at 2:30 P.M. assumed the bat against the bowling of Wright and Edwards. Fisher, the first man, was bowled out at first ball, and was succeeded by Taylor who was caught at mid-wicket very neatly by Green. 2 wickets, 4 runs. Smith came next to the bat, a very good batsman, he made a three and two twos in his score, but was at length run out. 3 wickets, 23 runs. H. Russell, a slashing batsman, came next, but Wright soon found his wicket. 4 wickets, 27 runs. Then succeeded Barry, but Wright was inexorable and quickly upset his house. 5 wickets, 29 runs. Then came forward Dent who was stumped by Bates throwing the ball at the wicket. 6 wickets, 31 runs. Next came Turton, the Nottingham player and good bowler, he maintained his bat well, and made a good three and a two, but Wright found his stumps. 7 wickets, 47 runs. Then came Hoole but he was neatly caught at the Slip by Nichols. 8 wickets, 57 runs. Southern who came next to the bat was put out quickly leg before wicket. 9 wickets, 58 runs. Flint went in last and was caught by Wright at the Point without a run. 10 wickets, 62 runs. Pidcock, who went in first, brought out his bat at last, having made nine twos in score, and batting in the most beautiful manner.

Neither of the appointed Umpires came on the ground, and the field became badly off. The St. George's had three at different times, viz. Messrs. Nichols, Crooker, and Spawforth, the first and last were good, but the second was scarce equal to his duties, and the Umpire of the Washingtonians, Mr. R. Burrows, knew nothing about his charge.

The two first innings being over about 4:30 P.M. and there being no chance of the second pair of innings being played out, it was understood that the palm was won by the St. George's, but the Washingtonians like true Cricketers went out and fielded against the St. George's till Sundown, although they knew their fate was inevitable.

The following is the score:—

| ST. GEORGE'S CLUB. | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|--------------------------------|----|
| FIRST INNINGS. | | SECOND INNINGS. | |
| Wild, b. Taylor | 2 | leg before wicket | 0 |
| Wright, b. Hoole | 12 | c. Pidcock, b. Turton | 1 |
| Bates, c. Hoole, b. Taylor | 7 | not out | 40 |
| Green, c. Taylor, b. Turton | 25 | | |
| Eyre, b. Taylor | 8 | c. Dent, b. Pidcock | 2 |
| Edwards, b. Hoole | 27 | c. Smith, b. Pidcock | 18 |
| Gardner, b. Turton | 16 | | |
| Skippon, b. Turton | 0 | s. H. Russell | 4 |
| Vinten, c. Smith, b. Taylor | 10 | not out | 3 |
| Nichols, not out | 8 | | |
| Platt, b. Hoole | 1 | | |
| Wide, Hoole | 2 | Pidcock 2, Hoole 1, Southern 2 | 5 |
| Bye | 0 | | 2 |
| Total | 118 | Total (Sundown) | 75 |

WASHINGTON CLUB.

| FIRST INNINGS. | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Fisher, b. Wright | 0 |
| Pidcock, not out | 25 |
| Taylor, c. Green, b. Edwards | 1 |
| Smith, run out | 9 |
| H. Russell, b. Wright | 1 |
| Barry, b. Wright | 1 |
| Dent, stumped Bates | 0 |
| Turton, b. Wright | 8 |
| Hoole, c. Nichols, b. Edwards | 1 |
| Southern, leg before wicket | 0 |
| Flint, c. Wright, b. Edwards | 0 |
| Wide, Wright 6, Edwards 2 | 8 |
| Byes | 8 |
| Total | 62 |

CAMILLO SIVORI'S FIRST CONCERT

Will take place on Monday Evening, October 12th, at the Broadway Tabernacle.

THIS celebrated artist will perform the wonderful piece of Paganini, LA PREGHIERA DI MOSE, (The Prayer of Moses), upon a SINGLE string, and also the CARNIVAL OF VENICE, as written by his immortal Master.

Tickets—ONE DOLLAR—to be had at all the Music Stores.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Magnum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holders of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers solicited, by

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John, corner of Gold-st.

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Ap1 18-46.

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HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.



OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Hallford, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the greasing of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved no expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) In bottles, 50 cents for large, 25 cents for small. Sept. 19-3m.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE ACTION HARPS.

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Maker and Importer of Improved Patent Double-Action Harps,

INVITES the attention of his friends, the elite of musical taste, and admirers of this delightful instrument, to the very elegant collection he has completed, and for sale at his Ware-rooms, 281 BROADWAY, corner of Chambers street, New York, comprising some of the most splendidly finished Harps he has yet offered to their notice; as also of the plain and less ornamental description.

These Harps are constructed on the most approved principles, with all the modern improvements of London and Paris. Its touch and tone it is believed unequalled. Special care is taken to fit them for the extremes of climate in this country. The opinions of the first musical talent is respectfully submitted.

"Mr. Browne's Harps are by far the most magnificent we ever saw. Through his perfect knowledge of the instrument, he has effected many important improvements in the mechanical department, and in the tone there is an extraordinary addition of sweetness, purity, and power. The pillars are elaborately and gorgeously carved and gilded, while the frames are elegantly shaped and finished."

"The Harp as an instrument is but little known in this country, although in Europe it is considered as a necessary accomplishment to ladies of refined education. Every person should, for many reasons, be a little familiar with this truly drawing-room instrument. In the first place, it is a capital exercise, bringing the muscles into gentle and healthful play. In the next place, it is an excellent accompaniment to the voice, is easy of acquirement for all amateur enjoyment, and lastly, it displays the beautiful and graceful proportions of nature's handicraft, to the greatest advantage."—Critique from Southern periodicals.

J. F. B. would be happy to forward a list of prices and descriptions, with an engraving per single postage. Harps repaired. Strings, music, &c.

J. F. BROWNE & Co., London,

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SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blootches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substance; hence the superiority of these preparations—and so invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits:

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Munson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

SIGHT RESTORED, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES CURED

BY THE ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.



THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eye-lids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers Street, New York, (Successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by the most respectable Druggists in the United States. Sept. 19-3m.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULLIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fetes Champetres, Matinees, Musical Soirees, Fetes Solennels, Soirees Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park. Sept. 5-46.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED IN ONE MINUTE

BY THE USE OF THE CLOVE ANODYNE.

THIS is an excellent article, and will cure the most violent tooth-ache, or pain in the gums in one minute.

The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

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DR. SABINE will in future, for the convenience of his friends residing in Brooklyn, have a box at Mr. R. J. Davies, Chemist and Apothecary, corner of Walton and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, from which place all letters or messages will be at all times immediately forwarded to him by special messenger. Sept. 26-2p.

THE duties of Miss KEOGH'S Boarding and Day School for young Ladies, will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 7, at 73 Third Avenue. Aug. 29-4t.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, July 24, 1847.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earll, Jr. and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENFON, Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES,

Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st., page 140.

Aug. 8.—3m.

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

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Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.
AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and
TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW
YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the
MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.
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MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he
has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years,
and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely re-
fitted and put in the best possible order.

By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the pa-
tronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL.
Natchez, March 19, 1846. Aug. 1-6mp.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450
horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons,
1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

| GREAT WESTERN. | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|----------------|------------|
| From Liverpool. | | From New York. | |
| Saturday | 11th April. | Thursday | 7th May. |
| Saturday | 30th May. | Thursday | 25th June. |
| Saturday | 29th July. | Thursday | 20th Aug. |
| Saturday | 12th Sept. | Thursday | 8th Oct. |
| Saturday | 31st Oct. | Thursday | 26th Nov. |

| GREAT BRITAIN. | | | |
|-----------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
| From Liverpool. | | From New York. | |
| Saturday | 9th May. | Saturday | 6th June. |
| Tuesday | 7th July. | Saturday | 1st Aug. |
| Wednesday | 26th Aug. | Tuesday | 22d Sept. |
| Tuesday | 20th Oct. | Tuesday | 17th Nov. |

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which
may be seen at any of the Agencies.

For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000
tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and
powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every
afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P.
M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier
No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P.M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in
the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer. (In private
state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change
from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families
travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and
Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sa-
turday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheap-
est, most convenient, and expeditions route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passen-
gers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Red-
ding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In
Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the
Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place.

Jly4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded.
Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices.
Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. J. T. WILLISTON,
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16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
Can be obtained only of the Patentee, THOS. PROSSER,

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OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.
ATENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to
4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection
is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often
arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more
prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking
misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—
vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible,
dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied
by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or
maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most
inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be
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in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with
delicate Perfumeries of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and
Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent as-
ortment, at a low cost. Jly 11-1f.

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Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn. Jly 4-ly.

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TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each
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|-----------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
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| GARRICK, | B. I. H. Frask, | Oct. 26. | Dec. 11. |
| ROSCUUS, | Asa Eldridge, | Nov. 26. | Jan. 11. |
| SIDDONS, | E. B. Cobb, | Dec. 26. | Feb. 11. |

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York,
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Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of pas-
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| WATERLOO, | W. H. Allen, | July 11. | Aug. 26. |
| JOHN R. SKIDDY, | James C. Luce, | Aug. 11. | Sept. 26. |
| STEPHEN WHITNEY, | C. W. Popham, | Sept. 11. | Oct. 26. |
| VIRGINIAN, | W. H. Parson, | Oct. 11. | July 26. |

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and
convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be
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My 24-ly. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month,
excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be despatched on the
succeeding day.

| Ships. | Captains. | From New York. | From Liverpool. |
|----------------|----------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Ashburton, | H. Huttleston, | Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6. | Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21. |
| Patrick Henry, | J. C. Delano, | Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6. | Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21. |
| Independence, | F. P. Allen, | Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6. | April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21. |
| Henry Clay, | Ezra Nye, | April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6. | May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21. |

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance
and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great
inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted
to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip-
tion will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon appli-
cation to the Stewards.

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Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or pas-
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My 31-1f. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
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To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which
will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from
NEW YORK and FORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the
7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

| Ships. | Captains. | From New York. | From Portsmouth. | From Fortsmouth. |
|------------------|-----------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| St. James, | F. R. Meyers, | Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1. | Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20. | Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1. |
| Northumberland, | R. H. Griswold, | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. |
| Gladstone, | R. L. Bunting, | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. |
| Mediator, | J. M. Chadwick, | Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1. | 1, 1, 1. | 1, 1, 1. |
| Switzerland, | E. Knight, | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. |
| Quebec, | F. B. Hebard, | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. |
| Victoria, | E. E. Morgan, | Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1. | 1, 1, 1. | 1, 1, 1. |
| Wellington, | D. Chadwick, | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. |
| Hendrick Hudson, | G. Moore, | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. |
| Prince Albert, | W. S. Schor, | April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1. | 1, 1, 1. | 1, 1, 1. |
| Toronto, | E. G. Tinker, | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. | 10, 10, 10. |
| Westminster, | Hovey, | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. | 20, 20, 20. |

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators.
Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and
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OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

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following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on
the succeeding day, viz:—

| Ships. | Masters. | From New York. | From Liverpool. |
|----------------|------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Oxford, | S. Yeaton, | June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1. | July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16. |
| Cambridge, | W. C. Barstow, | 16, 16, 16. | Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1. |
| Montezuma, new | A. W. Lowber, | July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1. | 16, 16, 16. |
| Fidelia, new | W. G. Hackstaff, | 16, 16, 16. | Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1. |
| Europe, | E. G. Furber, | Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1. | 16, 16, 16. |
| New York, | T. B. Cropper, | 16, 16, 16. | Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1. |
| Columbia, new | J. Rathbone, | Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1. | 16, 16, 16. |
| Yorkshire, new | D. G. Bailey, | 16, 16, 16. | Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1. |

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations,
or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest at-
tention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality
as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip-
tion will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by
the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels,
or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight
or passage, apply to
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C. H. MARSHALL, 39 Burling-st., N.Y., or
BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.